

The Illustrated **LONDON NEWS**

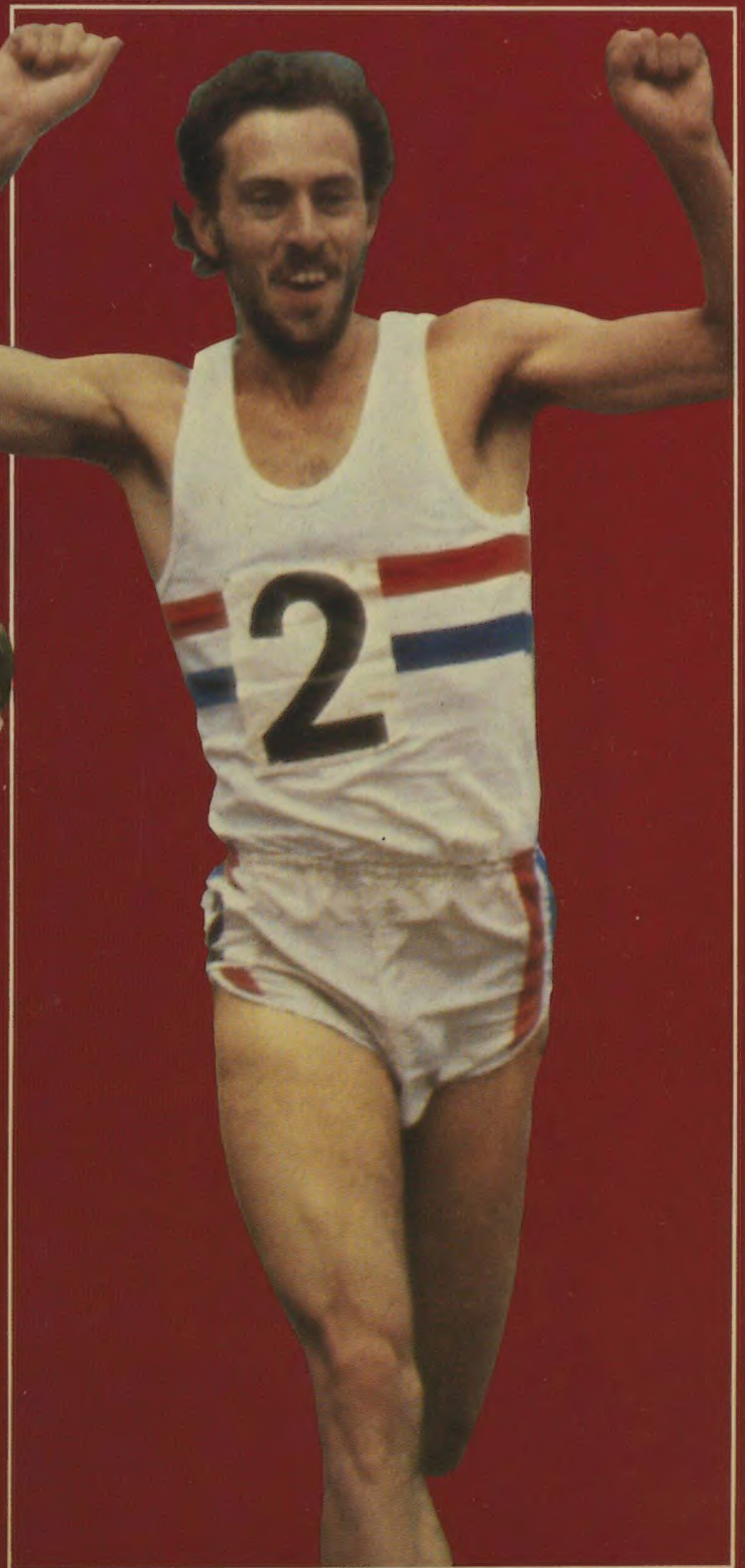
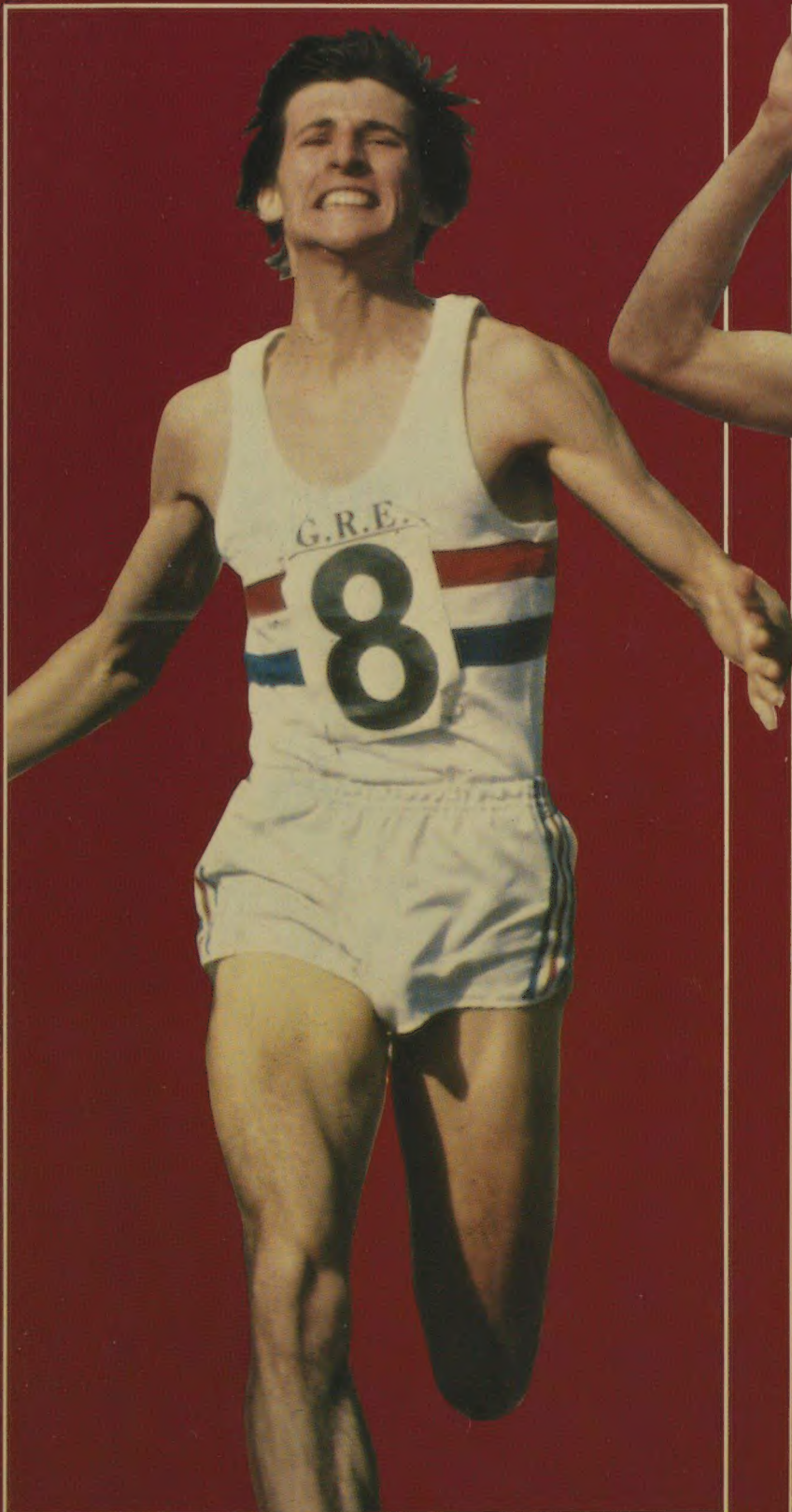
March 1980 65p

John Winton
CRISIS IN THE STEEL TOWNS

Joan Bakewell
PROFILE OF THE NEW TATE DIRECTOR

Sam Smith
MUSEUM FOR THE SPACE AGE

E. R. Chamberlin
LITERARY VILLAGES: ALBURY



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The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

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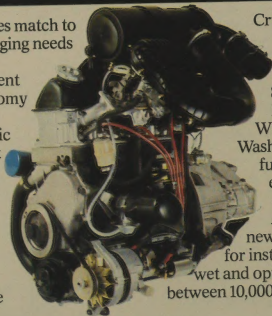


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ILN's GUIDE TO EVENTS

THEATRE

Annie. The most enjoyable American musical for years, about the orphan of the famous comic strip. *Victoria Palace, SW1.*

Appearances. Directed & adapted by Simone Benmussa from a short story by Henry James. With Susannah York & Daniel Massey. *May Fair, Stratton St, W1.*

As You Like It. John Dexter lifts Arden from the bare boards of his stage in a production with Sara Kestelman's Rosalind as a conspicuous pleasure. *Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.*

Bastard Angel. by Barrie Keeffe, directed by Bill Alexander. The story of a female rock star, with Charlotte Cornwell. *Warehouse, Donmar Theatre, Earham St, WC2.* Until Mar 15.

Beatlemania. The life story of the Beatles, direct from successful Broadway run. *Astoria, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

Beecham. by Ned Sherrin & Caryl Brahms. With Timothy West as Sir Thomas Beecham. Directed by Patrick Garland. *Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Born in the Gardens. Peter Nichols seems to be comparing ways of life in the household cage & outside it, but his symbolism is obscured by the relentless eccentricity of his principal character, acted loyally by Beryl Reid. *Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Chicago. This American musical as directed by Peter James for the Crucible Theatre, Sheffield, is a grand example of well ordered professionalism. *Cambridge, Earham St, WC2.*

Le Cirque Imaginaire. Return of Victoria Chaplin & Jean-Baptiste Thierree's little circus featuring tightrope, mime, conjuring & clowning, & performing rabbits, doves & ducks. *Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, W6.* Mar 4-30.

Country Life. Italian comedy by Goldoni, translated by Robert David MacDonald. *Lyric, W6.* Until Mar 8.

The Crucifer of Blood. A wild, neo-Gothic melodrama by Paul Giovanni, suggested—at a distance—by Conan Doyle's "The Sign of Four". It lives mainly on its splendid range of theatrical effects. *Haymarket, Haymarket, SW1.* Until Mar 1.

Death of a Salesman by Arthur Miller. Directed by Michael Rudman, with Warren Mitchell. *Lytelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.*

Deathtrap. A tightly-filled box of tricks by the American dramatist Ira Levin, with Gareth Hunt as an author who can use a cross-bow. *Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

Dirty Linen. This is, in effect, a double bill. Towards the end of Tom Stoppard's richly uninhibited farce about a House of Commons committee he slips in a witty dialogue called "New-Found-Land". *Arts, Gt Newport St, WC2.*

Dr Faustus. A new adaptation specially written for this theatre. *Lyric Studio, King St, W6.* Until Mar 15.

An Evening with Tommy Steele. A likeable, undemanding entertainment, devoted principally to a versatile comedian at his friendliest. *Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1.*

Evita. Andrew Lloyd Webber & Tim Rice's emotional music drama, directed by Harold Prince. *Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1.*

The Greeks. A cycle of ten Greek plays given as a trilogy—"The War", "The Murders" & "The Gods"—with occasional days when all three plays will be performed. Directed by John Barton & Gillian Lynne, with Mike Gwilym, Janet Suzman, Billie Whitelaw, Tony Church & John Shrapnel. *Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2.* Until Mar 29.

Hello Dolly. A revival of the successful musical, with Carol Channing & Eddie Bracken. *Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Ipi Tombi. A South African musical with music by Bertha Egnos, lyrics by Gale Lakier. *Whitehall, Whitehall, SW1.*

Jesus Christ Superstar. "The last seven days in the life of Jesus of Nazareth" as a noisy, spectacular musical; lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber; director Jim Sharman. *Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

The King & I. The only "puzzlement" is why the celebrated Rodgers-&Hammerstein musical has not returned earlier to the London stage. Now with Yul Brynner & Virginia McKenna. *Pal-*

adium, Argyl St, W1.

Last of the Red-Hot Lovers. In a New York apartment Neil Simon's middle-aged amorist seeks extra-marital exploits. He has three, none fortunate but cheerfully contrasted in the theatre. Lee Montague is the adventurer. *Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1.* Seats half-price Monday evenings.

The Liberty Suit. by Peter Sheridan. The play is set in the 1970s & centres on a convicted arsonist who becomes the hero of a juvenile detention centre. Presented by the Irish theatre group Project. *Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1.* Until Mar 15.

The Loud Boy's Life. New play by Howard Barker about the work and loves of Ezra Fricker, parliamentarian, poet, TV personality & hero of the blitz. Directed by Howard Davies. *Warehouse.* Until Mar 27.

Middle-Age Spread. An extremely efficient modern comedy by Roger Hall, with such experts as Richard Briers & Paul Eddington to lead it. *Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

The Mousetrap. Agatha Christie's long runner, now in its 28th year, kept alive with cast changes. *St Martin's, West St, WC2.*

Much Ado About Nothing. Shakespeare's patrician comedy is curiously diminished in a revival animated only by the "Kill Claudio" scene after the interrupted wedding. Charlotte Cornwell is Beatrice. *Warehouse.* Until Mar 29.

My Fair Lady. Shaw's Eliza, in her Lerner-Loewe musical development, is back again, & to stay: Liz Robertson as the transformed flowergirl & Tony Britton as her professor are triumphantly in command. *Adelphi, Strand, WC2.*

Night & Day. Tom Stoppard says cogently forcible things about journalism in a play (set in Black Africa) with Susan Hampshire & Patrick Mower. *Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

No Sex Please—We're British. London's longest-running comedy, directed by Allan Davis, has passed 3,000 performances & shows no sign of flagging. *Strand, Aldwych, WC2.*

Not Now Darling. This revived farce, by Ray Cooney & John Chapman, is hardly a plausible guide to normal life in a West End furrier's, but as a rule Leslie Phillips is helpfully visible in the swirl of events. *Savoy, Strand, WC2.*

Oliver! An invigorating revival of Lionel Bart's musical. *Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2.* One free child's ticket for every adult ticket purchased until Mar 28.

Once in a Lifetime. The Royal Shakespeare Company is blissfully occupied with the richest of all Hollywood fantasies, the 1930 farce by Moss Hart & George S. Kaufman, directed now by Trevor Nunn. *Piccadilly, Denman St, W1.*

Piaf. An uninspiring play by Pam Gems is redeemed by Jane Lapotaire's acting. *Piccadilly.*

Richard III. John Wood, in a relishing externalized performance of Richard, does not really chill the mind. Christopher Morahan directs. *Olivier.* Until Mar 8.

Rose. Comedy by Andrew Davies, with Glenda Jackson as a Midlands primary school-teacher. Directed by Alan Dossor. *Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2.*

Stage Struck. Simon Gray's venture into the farcical-tragic is an unexpectedly inferior play: the label, no doubt, is a "thriller". Alan Bates & Nigel Stock are the principals. *Vaudeville, Strand, WC2.*

Thee & Me. by Philip Martin. Directed by Michael Rudman, with Ian Hogg, Mary Maddox & Billy McColl. *Lytelton.*

When We Are Married. J. B. Priestley gets his knife & fork into the splendid high tea of this broad comedy of West Riding manners 70 years ago. Directed by Robin Lefevre, with performances of sustained relish by all concerned. *Lytelton.*

The Wild Duck. One of Ibsen's more testing plays, with its lunge at blind idealism, this is closely directed by Christopher Morahan, with Stephen Moore, Michael Bryant, Andrew Cruikshank & Eva Griffith as, respectively, self-deceiver, meddling idealist, grandfather lost in fantasy & tragic girl. Christopher Hampton's translation is new. *Olivier.*

First nights

The Winslow Boy by Terence Rattigan. Directed by Clive Perry, with Bernard Hepton, Philip Latham & Angela Richards. *Richmond Theatre, The Green, Richmond, Surrey.* Mar 3-8.

The Iceman Cometh. Eugene O'Neill's play, directed by Bill Bryden. With Jack Shepherd as Hickey. *Cottesloe, National Theatre, South*

Bank, SE1. Mar 4. Performances start at 5.30pm.

Accidental Death of an Anarchist. Farce by Dario Fo performed by the Belt & Braces Road-show, directed by Gavin Richards. *Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.* Mar 5, 7pm, thereafter 8.40pm.

The Primary English Class. Israel Horowitz's comedy about a language school in New York. Directed by Sam Walters. *Wyndham's.* Mar 6, 6.10pm.

Private Lives. 50th anniversary production of Noël Coward's play, directed by Alan Strachan. With Michael Jayston, Maria Aitken & Jenny Quayle. *Greenwich, Crooms Hill, SE10.* Mar 6.

Reflections. New play by John Peacock based on events in 1793 where Madame Dubarry is brought back to France to face charges of having committed crimes against the state. With Dorothy Tutin & Donald Pleasence. *Haymarket, Haymarket, SW1.* Mar 13.

Make & Break. new play by Michael Frayn about a trade fair in Frankfurt. Directed by Michael Blakemore, with Leonard Rossiter & Prunella Scales. *Lyric, King St, W6.* Mar 18-Apr 19.

On the Twentieth Century. New musical from Broadway about the luxury train of the 1930s which ran between Chicago & New York. Directed by Peter Coe, with Keith Michell, Julia McKenzie, Mark Wynter & Dora Bryan. *Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1.* Mar 19.

Woyzeck. New adaptation of George Buchner's play, performed by Foco Novo. *Lyric Studio, King St, W6.* Mar 19-Apr 5.

Othello. Directed by Peter Hall, with Paul Scofield, Michael Bryant, Felicity Kendal, Stephen Moore & Michael Gambon. *Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* Mar 20.

CINEMA

The following is a selection of films currently showing in London or on general release.

Agatha. Vanessa Redgrave's performance as the eponymous heroine is the only good reason for seeing this fanciful version of why the famous authoress went missing in darkest Harrogate.

The Amityville Horror. The story of nightmare events which overtook a family after moving into a house in Long Island. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg, with James Brolin, Margot Kidder & Rod Steiger.

... And Justice for All. Al Pacino plays a young American lawyer fighting the corruptness of the American legal system. Directed by Norman Jewison.

Apocalypse Now. Francis Ford Coppola's near-masterpiece using the Vietnam war to explore Conradian themes of good and evil. On the sensuous level it is a stunning re-creation of a lunatic war but it also has a tenacious sense of moral blackness.

Bear Island. directed by Don Sharp, from Alistair Maclean's book about a group of scientists investigating the changing world climate who find themselves on a desolate island with a secret Nato base.

The Big Fix. The story of a Los Angeles private detective. Directed by Jeremy Paul Kagan, with Richard Dreyfuss & Susan Anspach.

Black Jack. Set in 18th-century Yorkshire, the film is based on Leon Garfield's novel about a French ruffian & a draper's apprentice. Directed by Kenneth Loach, with Stephen Hirst, Louise Cooper & Jean Franval.

Breaking Away. Comedy about four American teenagers & the ambition of one of them to become a champion racing cyclist. Directed by Peter Yates, with Paul Dooley, Denis Christopher & Denis Quaid.

The China Syndrome. Will the nuclear reactor self-destruct? Will Southern California be destroyed? A topical thriller about nuclear power that confuses rather than clarifies the issues. But Jack Lemmon & Jane Fonda are very watchable.

Cuba. Sean Connery plays a soldier of fortune in pre-revolution Cuba. Directed by Richard Lester, with Brooke Adams & Denholm Elliott.

The Deer Hunter. A deeply affecting film about friendship, love & American involvement in Vietnam. Politically, it is not very penetrating but Michael Cimino's direction has an epic sweep astonishing in a second film, & the performances are exemplary.

Escape from Alcatraz. The story of the only convict ever to escape from the island prison. Directed by Don Siegel, with Clint Eastwood &

Patrick McGoohan.

The Europeans. based on a story by Henry James, directed by James Ivory. With Lee Remick & Robin Ellis.

The Frisco Kid. Whimsical Robert Aldrich joke-Western about a Polish rabbi mixed up with a bank-robber on a trek to San Francisco. No place to go for a laugh.

The Getaway. Steve McQueen as a bank robber & Ali MacGraw as his accomplice in a film directed by Sam Peckinpah.

Goin' South. A post-Civil War comedy-Western directed by & starring Jack Nicholson. With Mary Steenburgen, Christopher Lloyd & John Belushi.

Hair. A graceful, elegantly made musical that treats the show as a quaint, charming, period fairy-tale. Miroslav Ondricek's photography makes the hippie world of the late 60s look surprisingly appetising.

The House on Garibaldi Street. Based on the true story of Eichmann's capture in South America & his trial in Israel. Directed by Peter Collinson, with Topol, Alfred Burke, Janet Suzman & Martin Balsam.

The Human Factor. adapted by Tom Stoppard from Graham Greene's book about a double agent. Directed by Otto Preminger, with Richard Attenborough, John Gielgud, Derek Jacobi & Nicol Williamson.

The Incredible Hulk. Based on the successful television series about an American scientist who turns into a green giant in times of stress.

The In-laws. Frenetic but very funny American comedy about a New York dentist unwillingly involved with a CIA daredevil. Superb performances from Peter Falk & Alan Arkin.

The Jericho Mile. Shot inside Folsom State Prison in California, the film stars Peter Strauss as a convict attempting to qualify for the Olympic mile run. Directed by Michael Mann.

A Little Romance. Olivier graces with his astonishing presence a rather soppy love story about two 13-year-olds venturing to Venice in order to kiss under the Bridge of Sighs. For Olivier fans only.

Love on the Run. François Truffaut's latest film, with Jean-Pierre Léaud as Antoine Doinel reviewing his life in a series of flashbacks from Truffaut's earlier films.

La Luna. Bertolucci hokum about an American opera singer (the delectable Jill Clayburgh) on tour in Italy with her draggy, druggy son. Pretentious melodrama.

Manhattan. Woody Allen's best film to date. A sharp look at contemporary manners in New York but also an indictment of the materialism & spiritual emptiness of much of modern America.

Martin. Horror film directed by George A. Romero, with John Amplas, Lincoln Maazel & Christine Forrest.

Meatballs. Comedy about American summer camps, directed by Ivan Reitman. With Bill Murray, Harvey Atkin, Kate Lynch & Chris Makepeace.

Meteor. Will the meteor heading towards earth destroy civilization as the Hollywood filmmakers know it? Sean Connery, Natalie Wood & Karl Malden among those implicated in this disastrous disaster movie.

Monty Python's Life of Brian. Some see it as a blasphemous parody of the life of Christ. In fact it is a patchy plea for never subscribing wholeheartedly to any particular faith or cause.

Norma Rae. Cheerful, humanist film about the growing political & personal awareness of a textile girl. Sally Field is first-rate as the mill-hand who discovers her own voice.

The Onion Field. Based on a true story about two Los Angeles criminals who are still in jail after shooting a police officer in 1963. Directed by Harold Becker, with James Woods & John Savage.

The Outsider. Intelligent and worthwhile attempt to grapple with the problems of Ulster. Director Tony Luraschi takes a bleak and disenchanted view of the Irish problem without ever scoring propaganda points.

Pretty Baby. Louis Malle's controversial film about a 12-year-old girl in a Storyville brothel. Soft-edged & voyeuristic.

The Prisoner of Zenda. Directed by Richard Quine, with Peter Sellers playing three different roles. Also starring Lynne Frederick, Lionel Jeffries & Elke Sommer.

Rich Kids. The relationship between two 12-year-olds drawn together by the common bond of rich, divorcing parents. Directed by Robert Young, with Trini Alvarado, Jeremy Levy, Kathryn Walker & John Lithgow.



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Rising Damp. Comedy based on the television series starring Leonard Rossiter & Frances de la Tour. Directed by Joe McGrath.

The Rose. The story of a rock singer driven to continue singing by her manager despite the ravages of drink & drugs. Directed by Mark Rydell, with Bette Midler & Alan Bates.

Saint Jack. Competent Peter Bogdanovich movie about a saintly pimp in Singapore. But are pimps really that nice?

The Seduction of Joe Tynan. Alan Alda's story of a man whose ambition begins to destroy his marriage. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg, with Alan Alda, Barbara Harris & Meryl Streep.

Stories from a Flying Trunk. Directed by Christine Edzard, the film uses ballet & animation to tell three tales from Hans Andersen. With Murray Melvin as Andersen.

Sunburn. Comedy thriller starring Farrah Fawcett as the wife of a private investigator. Directed by Richard C. Sarafian.

The Swissmakers. A lively satire by Rolf Lyssy on the hideous process of applying for Swiss citizenship: pungent & funny like an Ealing comedy with teeth.

Sybil. Directed by Daniel Petrie, with Joanne Woodward, Sally Field & Brad Davis. The film is based on the true story of 11 years' psychiatric treatment of a woman with 16 warring personalities.

Ten. Comedy directed by Blake Edwards, with Dudley Moore & Julie Andrews.

Time After Time. Ingenious thriller in which Jack the Ripper escapes to modern San Francisco in a time machine, breathlessly pursued by H. G. Wells. An enjoyable time-killer.

The Warriors. A tense story of a gang trying to reach their base in Coney Island via the streets & subways of Manhattan. In America the film has caused a furore: here it simply seems like a well-paced exercise in suspense.

Wise Blood. Stark, fascinating John Huston movie about religious obsession in the American Bible belt: a work of unimpeachable integrity.

Yanks. A lengthy account of the impact of American soldiers on a small Lancashire town in wartime. John Schlesinger directs with careful competence but the film rarely becomes more than a nostalgic wallow.

Yesterday's Hero. Catchpenny attempt to combine the worlds of professional soccer and pop. Jackie Collins scripted. Perhaps she should stick to studs of a different kind.

Zulu Dawn. Disappointing follow-up to "Zulu". This deals with a battle the British lost at the hands of Chief Cetshwayo in 1879 but though director Douglas Hickox contrives some fine spectacle the tactics are confused.

Premières

Kramer vs Kramer. Dustin Hoffman & Meryl Streep star in a story of divorce & dispute over custody of their child. Directed by Norman Jewison. Royal Film Performance in the presence of The Queen, in aid of the Cinema & Television Benevolent Fund. *Odeon, Leicester Sq, WC2.* Mar 17.

BALLET

ROYAL BALLET, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2:

Triple bill: Four Schumann Pieces, choreography van Manen, music Schumann, with Eagling, Collier, Penney, Silver, Hosking; A Month in the Country, choreography Ashton, music Chopin, with Conley, Wall, Rencher, Fletcher; Elite Syncopations, choreography MacMillan, music Joplin, with Collier, Hosking, Mar 3.

La Fille Mal Gardée, choreography Ashton, music Hérold; with Park, Coleman, Emblem, Grant, Edwards, Mar 6, 22; with Collier, Wall, Shaw, Sleep, Edwards, Mar 12; with Connor, Jeffries, Symons, Grant, Edwards, Mar 18; with Collier, Wall, Emblem, Fletcher, Edwards, Mar 25.

Triple bill, Mar 13, 15 2pm, 15: **The Four Seasons,** choreography MacMillan, music Verdi; with Collier, Penney, Mason, Coleman, Eagling, Fletcher, Sleep, Wall, Mar 13, 15; with Collier, Connor, Jackson, Deane, Fletcher, Jeffries, Page, Sleep, Mar 15 2pm; world première of **Gloria,** new work by MacMillan, music Poulenc, cast to be announced; **The Concert,** choreography Robbins, music Chopin; with Connor, Coleman, Derman, Mar 13, 15; with Park, Wall, Derman, Mar 15 2pm.

Triple bill, Mar 19, 21, 24: **La Fin du jour,** choreography MacMillan, music Ravel; with Park, Penney, Eagling, Hosking, Mar 19, 24; with Collier, Penney, Eagling, Hosking, Mar 21; **Voluntaries,** choreography Tetley, music Poulenc; with Whitten, Jeffries, Mar 19; with Thorogood, Wall, Mar 21; with Collier, Eagling, Mar 24; **Mam'zelle Angot,** choreography Massine, music Lecocq; with Collier, Sleep, Penney, Jeffries, Mar 19; with Whitten, Coleman, Porter, Hosking, Mar 21, 24.

BALLET RAMBERT, Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1:

Tetley's **The Tempest,** London première of Alston's **Bell High/Rag Dances/Night with Waning Moon,** London première of Bruce's **Sidewalk/Smiling Immortal/Ziggurat.** Mar 18-29.

DANCE UMBRELLA 80:

Richard Alston & dancers. *The Place, Duke's Rd, WC1.* Feb 27-29, Mar 1, 2.

Extemporary Dance Company. *Shaw Theatre, Euston Rd, NW1.* Mar 17, 18.

Kathryn Posin & Michael Lake. *Shaw Theatre.* Mar 19, 20.

Janet Smith with Robert North & dancers. *Shaw Theatre.* Mar 21, 22.

IRISH BALLET COMPANY, Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1:

Playboy of the Western World, choreography Joan Denise Moriarty, music The Chieftans. Mar 4-8.

LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET, London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2:

Hynd's **Dvorak Variations,** Tetley's **Sphinx,** Larry Fuller's **Humors of Man,** Tudor's **Echoing of Trumpets,** Cauley's **Metamorphoses;** Petrouchka, La Sylphide, Rosalinda, Etudes, **The Sleeping Beauty.** Mar 4-Apr 5.

NORTHERN BALLET THEATRE on tour: **Cinderella, Madame Butterfly, Rustic Variations, Coppélia, Ten Easy Pieces, Romeo & Juliet ... Tragic Memories, Les Sylphides.**

Kings Theatre, Southsea. Mar 3-8.

Theatre Royal, Lincoln. Mar 11-15.

New Theatre, Hull. Mar 17-22.

Gaumont, Ipswich. Mar 25-29.

ALEXANDER ROY LONDON BALLET THEATRE on tour:

Coppélia, Housewarming, Masquerade, Peter & the Wolf, Soirée Musicale, Charades.

Leisure Centre, Bridgnorth. Mar 1.

Woodville Theatre, Gravesend. Mar 2.

Town Hall, Acton. Mar 6.

Civic Centre, Lichfield. Mar 21, 22.

Capitol Theatre, Horsham. Mar 25-27.

City Hall, St Albans. Mar 29.

Regis Centre, Bognor Regis. Mar 30.

OPERA

ROYAL OPERA, Covent Garden, WC2:

Eugene Onegin, conductor Downes, with Yuri Masurok as Onegin, Eugenia Moldoveanu as Tatyana, Stuart Burrows as Lensky. Mar 1, 4, 7. **Lohengrin,** conductor Varviso, with René Kollo as Lohengrin, Teresa Kubiak as Elsa, Eva Randova as Ortrud, Donald McIntyre as Telramund, Robert Lloyd as Heinrich I. Mar 5, 8, 11, 14, 17, 20.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA:

The Rhinegold, The Valkyrie, Siegfried, Twilight of the Gods.

Hippodrome Theatre, Bristol. Mar 3-8.

Aida, La traviata, The Turn of the Screw.

Gaumont Theatre, Southampton. Mar 11-15.

Julius Caesar, Aida, The Turn of the Screw, La traviata, The Rhinegold, The Valkyrie, Siegfried, Twilight of the Gods.

Empire Theatre, Liverpool. Mar 18-Apr 5.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA NORTH: **Der Rosenkavalier, The Mines of Sulphur, Nabucco.**

Grand Theatre, Leeds. Mar 21-Apr 5.

OPERA 80:

The Barber of Seville, The Marriage of Figaro.

Technical College, Grimsby. Mar 3, 4.

Theatre Royal, Lincoln. Mar 6-8.

Theatre Royal, Bury St Edmunds. Mar 10, 11.

Corn Exchange, Ipswich. Mar 13-15.

Hexagon Arts Theatre, Reading. Mar 17, 18.

Odeon, Taunton. Mar 20-22.

Carn Brea Leisure Centre, Redruth. Mar 24, 25.

Hoe Theatre, Plymouth. Mar 27-29.

SCOTTISH OPERA:

The Bartered Bride, Rigoletto.

Grand Theatre, Wolverhampton. Mar 5-8.

The Bartered Bride. Mar 11, 13, 15.

Rigoletto. Mar 17, 19, 22, 25, 27, 29.

Theatre Royal, Glasgow.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA:

Eugene Onegin, The Coronation of Poppea, Ernani, Tristan and Isolde.

New Theatre, Cardiff. Feb 28-Mar 8.

New Theatre, Oxford. Mar 11-22.

Hippodrome Theatre, Bristol. Mar 25-29.

CAMDEN FESTIVAL:

The Italian Straw Hat, presented by the New Opera Company. *Collegiate Theatre, Gordon Street, WC1.* Mar 19, 21, 22.

Zémire et Azor, presented by Phoenix Opera. *Collegiate Theatre.* Mar 26, 28, 29.

Mazeppa, concert performance by Chelsea Opera Group. *Logan Hall, Bedford Way, WC1.* Mar 18.

MUSIC

ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, SW7:

English Chamber Orchestra, Itzhak Perlman, director & violin; Jose-Luis Garcia, violin. Mozart, Concertone for two violins K190, Violin Concerto in G K216, Violin Concerto in A K219, Serenade in D K239. Mar 2, 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Del Mar; Moura Lympany, piano. Brahms, Piano Concerto No 2 in B flat; Mozart, Symphony No 41. Mar 4, 7.30pm.

English Baroque Orchestra & Choir, London **Oriana Choir,** conductor Lovett; Janet Price, soprano; Alfreda Hodgson, contralto; Brian Burrows, tenor; Brian Rayner Cook, bass; John Wilbraham, trumpet obbligato. Handel, Messiah. Mar 6, 7.30pm.

New Symphony Orchestra, Band of the Life-guards, conductor Cleveland; Liora Ziv-li, piano. Tchaikovsky, Piano Concerto No 1, Capriccio Italien, Suite from Swan Lake, Overture 1812 with cannon & mortar effects. Mar 9, 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Tjeknavorian; Valerie Tryon, piano. Grieg, Piano Concerto; Sibelius, Symphony No 1. Mar 14, 21, 7.45pm.

New Symphony Orchestra, conductor Tausky. Viennese Carnival: Strauss & Mozart. Mar 16, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Zaliouk; Shlomo Mintz, violin. Mendelssohn, Violin Concerto; Bruch, Violin Concerto; Beethoven, Symphony No 8. Mar 23, 7.30pm.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Salomon; Shoko Sugitani, piano. Rachmaninov, Piano Concerto No 2; Debussy, Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune; Borodin, Polovtsian Dances from Prince Igor; Ravel, Bolero. Mar 30, 7.30pm.

ST JOHN'S, Smith Sq, SW1:

Ramon Remedios, tenor; **Anton Weinberg,** clarinet; **Helen Robertson Barker,** piano. Josephs, Piano piece for clarinet & piano Op 114; Schumann, Dichterliebe Op 48; Gounod, Méloides on the theme of Love; Stadler/Denman, Caprice for solo clarinet; Poulenc, Clarinet Sonata. Mar 1, 7.30pm.

Alfred Brendel, piano. Bartok, Four Dirges, Suite Op 14; Liszt, Sonata in B minor. Mar 3, 1pm.

Music since 1945: III: London Sinfonietta, conductor Howarth; Sarah Walker, mezzo soprano; Paul Crossley, piano. Stockhausen, Adieu; Xenakis, Phlegra; Messiaen, Oiseaux exotiques; Boulez, Le Marteau sans Maître. Mar 4; **IV: London Sinfonietta,** conductor Howarth.

Ligeti, Chamber Concerto; Chapple, Venus Fly Trap; Birtwistle, Verses for Ensembles. Mar 11; **V: London Sinfonietta,** conductor Pay; Linda Hirst, mezzo soprano; Philip Langridge, tenor; Timothy Walker, guitar. Von Bose, Travesties in a sad landscape; Cage, Aria; Henze, Kammermusik 1958. Mar 18, 7.45pm.

Susan Kessler, mezzo soprano; **David Syrus,** piano. Wolf, Berg & Quilter, songs. Mar 6, 1.15pm.

City of London Sinfonia, St Margaret's Westminster Singers, conductor Hickox. Mendelssohn, Oratorio St Paul. Mar 6, 7.15pm.

Elizabethan Singers, conductor Gellhorn; Alison Martin, harp; Jennifer Higgins, contralto. Tallis, Byrd, Caplet, Bruckner, Holst, Copland, Purcell, Handel, Nino Rota. Mar 7, 7.30pm.

Contrapuncti, conductor Lankester; Margaret Cable, contralto. Bach, Cantata No 54, Violin Concerto in E BWV 1042, Brandenburg Concerto No 3 in G; Stravinsky, Concerto in E flat; Henze, Apollo et Hyacinthus. Mar 14, 7.30pm.

Sacred & Profane British Music: VIII: BBC Singers, conductor Cleobury. Bax, Mater ora filium; Vaughan Williams, Mass in G minor; Britten, Five Flower Songs; Howells, Take him

earth, for cherishing; Sherlaw Johnson, The Resurrection of Feng-Huang. Mar 20; **IX: BBC Symphony Orchestra, BBC Singers,** conductor Pritchard; Colin Bradbury, clarinet; Alison Hargan, soprano; Sarah Walker, mezzo soprano; Neil Jenkins, tenor; John Tomlinson, bass. Elgar, Serenade for strings in E minor; Bliss, Rout; Stanford, Clarinet Concerto; Britten, Cantata Academica. Mar 26; 7.30pm.

New Mozart Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Fairbairn; Jennifer Adams, soprano; Ameral Gunson, contralto; Alan Byers, tenor; Philip O'Reilly, bass. Handel, Messiah. Mar 22, 7pm. **Bruno Giuranna,** viola; **Ian Brown,** piano. Schumann, Märchenbilder Op 113; Britten, Lachrymae Op 48; Brahms, Sonata in F minor Op 120 No 1. Mar 31, 1pm.

SOUTH BANK, SE1:

Alicia de Larrocha, piano. Albéniz, Suite, Iberia. Mar 2, 3.15pm. *FH.*

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Brighton Festival Chorus, conductor Temirkanov; Lynn Harrell, cello; John Shirley-Quirk, bass-baritone. Prokofiev, Symphony No 1; Tchaikovsky, Rocco Variations; Shostakovich, Symphony No 13. Mar 2, 7.30pm. *FH.*

Naomi Davidov, harpsichord. Handel, Suite No 5 in E; Bach, Suite No 3 in G minor BWV808, Chromatic Fantasy & Fugue in D minor BWV903, Concerto in the Italian style BWV971; Mozart, Sonata in A K331. Mar 2, 7pm. *PR.*

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Maazel; Emil Gilels, piano. Brahms, Piano Concerto No 2, Symphony No 2. Mar 3, 8pm. *FH.*

Nash Ensemble, conductor Elder; Elizabeth Gale, soprano; Alastair Thompson, tenor. Debussy, Maw, Messiaen, Maxwell Davies. Mar 3, 7.45pm. *EH.*

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Temirkanov; Eliso Wirsaladze, piano. Prokofiev, The Love of Three Oranges; Ravel, Piano Concerto for the left hand; Stravinsky, Petrushka. Mar 4, 8pm. *FH.*

Aeolian String Quartet; Thea King, clarinet. Beethoven, String Quartet in B flat Op 130 with the Grosse Fugue Op 133; Mozart, Clarinet Quintet in A K581. Mar 4, 7.45pm. *EH.*

London Mozart Players, conductor Blech; Nina Milkina, piano; John Glickman, viola; Thea King, clarinet. Mozart, Piano Concerto in E flat K482; Bruch, Concerto for viola & clarinet; Beethoven, Symphony No 8. Mar 5, 8pm. *FH.*

Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Maazel; Annabelle Bernard, soprano; Elizabeth Connell, contralto; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Marius Rintzler, bass. Beethoven, Missa Solemnis. Mar 6, 8pm. *FH.*

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Pope. Beethoven, Symphony No 6; Tchaikovsky, Symphony No 6. Mar 7, 8pm. *FH.*

English Baroque Orchestra & Choir, conductor Lovett; Janet Price, soprano; Margaret Cable, contralto; Laurence Dale, tenor; Richard Jackson, bass. Handel, Zadok the Priest. The King shall rejoice, Arrival of the Queen of Sheba; Bach, Brandenburg Concerto No 4, Easter Oratorio. Mar 8, 7.45pm. *EH.*

Itzhak Perlman, violin, **Bruno Canino,** piano. Mozart, Sonata in D K306; Beethoven, Sonata in C minor Op 30 No 2; Ravel, Sonata. Mar 9, 3.15pm. *FH.*

London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Inbal; Sylvia Geszty, soprano; Sandra Browne, contralto; Robert Tear, tenor; Karl Heinz Stryczek, bass. Beethoven, Symphony No 9. Mar 9, 7.30pm. *FH.*

English Chamber Orchestra, conductor Phillips; Bernard Roberts, piano. Britten, Variations on a theme of Frank Bridge; Mozart, Piano Concerto in D minor K466; Beethoven, Symphony No 4. Mar 9, 7.15pm. *EH.*

Radio Telefís Éireann Orchestra, conductor Pearce; Bernadette Greevy, contralto. Mahler, Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen; Tchaikovsky, Symphony No 5. Mar 10, 8pm. *FH.*

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Klee; Alfred Brendel, piano. Mozart, Piano Concerto in A K414; Weber, Konzertstück; Strauss, Till Eulenspiegel. Mar 11, 8pm. *FH.*

New Irish Chamber Orchestra, conductor Montgomery; Micael O'Rourke, piano; Ashling Drury-Byrne, cello. Arne, Symphony No 1; Mozart, Piano Concerto in E flat K271, Symphony No 40; Kinsella, Music for cello & chamber orchestra. Mar 11, 7.45pm. *EH.*

BBC Symphony Orchestra, BBC Singers, conductor Rozhdvestvensky. Tippett, Symphony No 2; Holst, The Planets. Mar 12, 8pm. *FH.*

Philharmonia Orchestra, Vladimir Ashkenazy, conductor & piano. Mozart, Symphony No 36,

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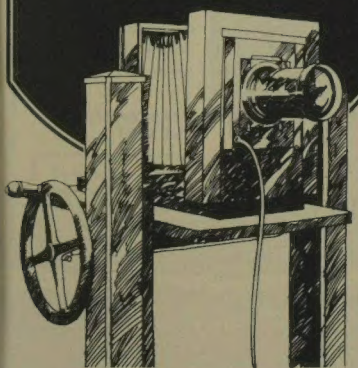
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Piano Concerto in A K488; Beethoven, Symphony No 5. Mar 13, 8pm. FH.

English Sinfonia, conductor Dilkes; Jack Brymer, clarinet; Sonja Nerdrum, mezzo-soprano. Haydn, Symphony No 99; Mozart, Clarinet Concerto in A K622; Drayton, Odyssey Variations; Falla, El Amor Brujo. Mar 14, 7.45pm. EH.

London Concert Orchestra, conductor Krips. Viennese Evening; Strauss, Suppé, Hellmesberger, Schönherr. Mar 15, 8pm. FH.

London Orpheus Orchestra & Choir, conductor Gaddam; Jacquelyn Fugelle, soprano; Margaret Duckworth, contralto; Wynford Evans, tenor; John Barrow, bass; Valda Aveling, harpsichord; Leslie Pearson, organ. Bach, Mass in B minor. Mar 15, 7.45pm. EH.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Ashkenazy. Sibelius, Finlandia, Symphony No 4; Rachmaninov, Symphony No 2. Mar 16, 7.30pm. FH.

Ruggiero Ricci, violin. Villa-Lobos/Ricci, Schurmann, Bartók, Ysaÿe, Elgar, Kreisler, Wieniawski, Ernst, Paganini. Mar 16, 7.15pm. EH.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Myung-Whun Chung; Kyung-Wha Chung, violin. Kodály, Dances of Galanta; Mendelssohn, Violin Concerto; Dvorak, Symphony No 9. Mar 17, 8pm. FH.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Solti; Norman Bailey, Wotan; Josephine Veasey, Fricka; Hermann Becht, Alberich; Paul Crook, Mime; Robert Tear, Loge. Wagner, Das Rheingold. Mar 18, 20, 8pm. FH.

Misha Dichter, piano. Beethoven, Polonaise in C Op 89, Rondo a capriccio in G Op 129; Schumann, Davidsbündlertänze Op 6; Liszt, Sonata in B minor. Mar 20, 7.45pm. EH.

Tilford Bach Orchestra & Choir, conductor Darlow; Rogers Covey-Crump, Evangelist; Mark Rowlinson, Christus; Gillian Fisher, soprano; Charles Brett, counter-tenor; Peter Hall, tenor; David Thomas, bass. Bach, St John Passion. Mar 22, 7.45pm. EH.

Thames Chamber Orchestra, Bach Choir, conductor Willcocks; Robert Tear, Evangelist; Rodney Macann, Christus; Felicity Lott, soprano; Alfreda Hodgson, contralto; Neil Jenkins, tenor; Richard Jackson, bass; Philip Ledger, continuo. Bach, St Matthew Passion. Mar 23, 11am & 2.30pm. FH.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Marriner; Lynn Harrell, cello. Prokofiev, Lieutenant Kijé; Schumann, Cello Concerto; Dvorak, Symphony No 8. Mar 23, 7.30pm. FH.

Pro Opera Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Head; Hannelore Kuhse, Ingrid Haubold, Nan Christie, sopranos; Martha Mödel, mezzo-soprano; Raffaele Polani, Graeme Matherson Bruce, tenors; Heitte Toivanen, baritone; Eike Wilms, Schulte, Roderick Earle, basses. Siegfried Wagner, Der Kold. Mar 23, 7.15pm. EH.

Barclays Bank Musical Society Orchestra & Choir, conductor Barnes; Wendy Eathorne, soprano; Jean Allister, contralto; John Mitchinson, tenor; Roger Stalman, bass. Handel, Messiah. Mar 24, 7.45pm. EH.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Dutoit; Pascal Roge, piano. Barber, Adagio for strings; Rachmaninov, Piano Concerto No 3; Sibelius, Symphony No 2. Mar 25, 8pm. FH.

Aeolian String Quartet; Kenneth Essex, viola. Beethoven, String Quartet in A minor Op 132; Mozart, String Quintet in C K515. Mar 25, 7.45pm. EH.

London Mozart Players, conductor Elder; Nigel Kennedy, violin. Mozart, Symphony No 34, Violin Concerto in D K211; Stravinsky, Dances Concertantes; Haydn, Symphony No 92. Mar 26, 7.45pm. EH.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Berglund; Ida Haendel, violin. Sibelius, Tapiola. Violin Concerto, Symphony No 5. Mar 27, 8pm. FH.

Songmakers' Almanac, Felicity Lott, soprano; Anthony Rolfe Johnson, tenor; Graham Johnson, piano. A depiction of spring, summer, autumn & winter through the eyes of the great song composers. Mar 27, 7.30pm. PR.

Northern Sinfonia, Sinfonia Chorus, conductor Pommier; Jennifer Smith, soprano; Claire Powell, contralto; Richard Morton, tenor; Stephen Roberts, bass. Mozart, Serenade in D K250; Bach, Magnificat in D. Mar 28, 7.45pm. EH.

Thames Chamber Orchestra, Bach Choir, conductor Willcocks; Brian Burrowes, Evangelist; Rodney Macann, Christus; Jennifer Smith, soprano; Janet Baker, contralto; Peter Hall, tenor; Stephen Roberts, bass; Philip Ledger,

continuo. Bach, St Matthew Passion. Mar 30, 11am & 2.30pm. FH.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Leinsdorf; Alfred Brendel, piano. Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 3; Debussy, La Mer; Ravel, La Valse. Mar 30, 7.30pm. FH.

Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, conductor Dutoit; Andras Schiff, piano. Schumann, Piano Concerto; Ravel, Valses nobles et sentimentales, Suite No 2; Debussy, Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune. Mar 31, 8pm. FH.

WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore St, W1: **Danielle Salamon**, piano. Beethoven, Sonata Op 31 No 2; Merrick, Suite; Ravel, Valses nobles et sentimentales; Schumann, Faschingsschwank aus Wien. Mar 1, 3.30pm.

Fitzwilliam String Quartet. Haydn, Quartet in C Op 76 No 3; Fauré, Quartet Op 121; Tchaikovsky, Quartet No 3 Op 30. Mar 1, 7.30pm.

Geraldine O'Grady, violin; **Frank Patterson**, tenor; Eily O'Grady, piano & Irish harp. Fergusson, Violin Sonata No 2; Kinsella, Lament for Charles McCabe for solo violin; Handel, Godard, Purcell, Haydn, Moore, Aitken, Larchet, Songs. Mar 2, 7.30pm.

The Bach Parittas: Alicia Schachter, piano. Bach, Partita No 3 in A minor, No 5 in G, No 6 in E minor. Mar 3; No 1 in B flat, No 2 in C minor, No 4 in D. Mar 17, 7.30pm.

Tong-II Han, piano. Chopin, 24 Preludes Op 28; Beethoven, Sonata in B flat Op 106. Mar 5, 7.30pm.

Nicolai Gedda, tenor; **Geoffrey Parsons**, piano. Schumann, Bizet, Peterson-Berger, Grieg, Rimsky-Korsakov, Rachmaninov, Songs. Mar 7, 7.30pm.

Diane Walsh, piano. Schumann, Toccata, Arabesque, Fantasia in C; Beethoven, Sonata Op 26; Kolb, Appello; Rachmaninov, 3 Etudes tableaux. Mar 9, 3.30pm.

Steven Isserlis, cello; **Peter Evans**, piano. Mendelssohn, Sonata in D Op 58; Bloch, From Jewish life; Schumann, 5 Stücke im Volkston; Debussy, Sonata; Fanshawe, The Awakening. Mar 11, 7.30pm.

Delmé String Quartet. Bach, Art of Fugue I; Simpson, Quartet No 5; Beethoven, Quartet Op 59 No 2. Mar 12, 7.30pm.

Academy of St Martin in the Fields Octet. Brahms, String Sextet No 2 in G Op 36; Mendelssohn, Octet in E flat Op 20. Mar 15, 7.30pm.

Nigel Kennedy, violin; **Thomas Demenga**, cello. Ravel, Sonata for violin & cello; Bach, Solo cello suite, Solo Violin Sonata in G minor; Kodaly, Duo for violin & cello. Mar 19, 7.30pm.

Ian Partridge, tenor; **Jennifer Partridge**, piano. Schumann, Song cycle: Liederkreis Op 39; Britten, Song cycle: Who are these children?; Beethoven, An die ferne Geliebte Op 98. Mar 21, 7.30pm.

Julia Hazelton, piano. Mozart, Rondo in A minor K511; Beethoven, Sonata Op 54; Scriabin, Sonata No 1 Op 6; Chopin, The Four Scherzi. Mar 22, 3.30pm.

Albani String Quartet; John Lill, piano. Beethoven, Quartet Op 18 No 1; Britten, Quartet No 1; Brahms, Piano Quintet in F minor Op 34. Mar 22, 7.30pm.

Hakan Hagegard, baritone; **Thomas Schuback**, piano. Schubert, Die Winterreise. Mar 26, 7.30pm.

Coull String Quartet. Haydn, Quartet in D Op 76 No 5; Janacek, Quartet No 2; Beethoven, Quartet in F minor Op 95. Mar 29, 7.30pm.

Michael R. Davis, violin; **Robert Sutherland**, piano. Elgar, Sonata Op 82; Schubert, Duo in A D574; Wells, Solo Sonata; Bloch, Sonata No 2; Bartok, Rhapsody No 1. Mar 31, 7.30pm.

EXHIBITIONS

Abstraction—towards a new art. The development of abstraction in painting between 1908 & 1921, particularly the work of Kandinsky, Mondrian & Malevich. *Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1.* Until Apr 13, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Thurs until 8pm, Sun 2-6pm. £1.

African textiles, showing stages of production & decoration. *Museum of Mankind, Burlington Gdns, W1.* Until end 1980, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

American Prints 1879-1979, including works by Sloan, Bellows, Marsh & Hopper. *British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1.* Until May 4, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Aspects of Siberian design, utilitarian objects from Siberia. *Museum of Mankind.* Until Aug.

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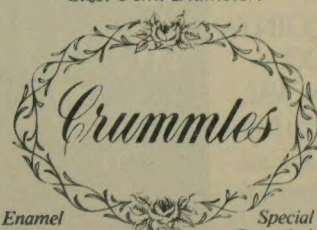


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The Atlantic Neptune, the history of charting, including 18th-century charts. *National Maritime Museum, SE10.* Until April, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Michael Beck, "The Family Tree" sculpture. *Alwin Gallery, 9-10 Grafton St, W1.* Feb 27-Mar 20, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm.

Boudoir Silver. Easter exhibition of silver eggs, boxes, pomanders & flowers. *H. Knowles-Brown, 27 Hampstead High St, NW3.* Mar 25-Apr 26, Tues-Fri 9am-5.30pm, Sat until 1pm.

Britain at Bay, the home front 1939-45. *Imperial War Museum, Lambeth Rd, SE1.* Until Apr 20, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. 60p.

The Butchers of London 1180-1980. Archives & treasures of the Butchers' Company. *Museum of London, London Wall, EC2.* Mar 11-Apr 13, Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Celebration of New York, 160 giant colour photographs of New York. *National Theatre foyers, South Bank, SE1.* Mar 3-Apr 12, Mon-Sat 10am-11pm.

Captain Cook & Mr Hodges. Paintings & drawings of Cook's second voyage, 1772-75, by the "Resolution" artist. *National Maritime Museum.* Until Easter.

Captain Cook in the South Seas. A British Library exhibition. *Museum of Mankind, Burlington Gdns, W1.* Until May.

Coriander prints, silkscreen prints by 11 artists. *Thumb Gallery, 20/21 D'Arblay St, W1.* Mar 4-28, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 11am-4pm.

Cyprus BC: 7000 years of history. *British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1.* Until Mar 16, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Daily Mail Ideal Home Exhibition. *Earls Court, W5.* Mar 4-29, Mon-Sat 10am-9pm. £1.50 (£1.20 after 5pm).

Olive Dring, watercolours & oil paintings. *Putney Library, Disraeli Rd, SW15.* Until Mar 15, Mon-Fri 10am-7.30pm, Sat until 4.30pm.

The Evolution of Irish architecture, a survey of the development & future of Irish architecture. *Royal College of Art, Kensington Gore, SW7.* Until Mar 8, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm.

David Garrick, Garrick's collection of early English plays. *British Library, British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1.* Until May 11, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

The Great British—photographs by Arnold Newman of eminent British men & women. Presented in conjunction with "The Sunday Times". *National Portrait Gallery, St Martin's Pl, WC2.* Until May 11, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm. 30p.

A Head in Fashion, post-war millinery by Mme Rose Vernier. *Museum of London.* Mar 17-May 18.

Hiroshige I & Hiroshige II, 19th-century Japanese woodblock prints. *Japanese Gallery, 66D Kensington Church St, W8.* Until Apr 30, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm.

Paul Hogarth, "Travels through the seventies", drawings & watercolours. *Francis Kyle Gallery, 9 Maddox St, W1.* Mar 25-Apr 18, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 11am-5pm.

The International Connection, "The Metropolitan Influence", modern Irish art & sculpture. *Round House Gallery, Chalk Farm Rd, NW1.* Feb 26-Mar 22, Mon-Sat noon-5.30pm, except during matinees.

The Irish Inheritance—traditional Irish weaving by craftswomen. *Crafts Advisory Committee Gallery, 12 Waterloo Pl, SW1.* Until Mar 29, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm.

The Irish Joke, a selection of the best Irish cartoonists exhibit their latest work. *The Workshop, 83 Lamb's Conduit St, WC1.* Until Mar 8, Mon-Fri 10.30am-5.30pm, Sat 11am-12.30pm.

Irish Palladian Houses, photographic presentation of the great country houses of the Georgian age. *Royal College of Art.* Until Mar 8.

Irish Patchwork, quilts of the last two centuries. *Somerset House, Strand, WC2.* Until Mar 15, Mon-Sat 10am-7pm, Sun noon-6pm. £1.

Japan at Liberty. Coinciding with the Japan Style exhibition at the Victoria & Albert Museum. *Liberty's, Regent St, W1.* Mar 10-29, Mon-Sat 9am-5.30pm, Thurs until 7pm.

Japan Style, design & craft in Japan today. *Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7.* Mar 13-July 20, Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm. £1.35.

Roy Johnston, new structure work by Ulster artist. *S East Gallery, 5 New Church Rd, SE5.* Until Mar 9, Thurs-Sun 2-7pm.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, 18th- & 19th-century portraits. *National Portrait Gallery, 15 Carlton House Terrace, SW1.* Until Mar 16, Mon-Fri

10am-5pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. 80p.

London Dinghy Exhibition. *Picketts Lock Centre, Picketts Lock Lane, N9.* Mar 22, 23, 10am-6.30pm. £1.

Luxury Apartments, four room settings showing luxury furnishings. *Design Centre, Haymarket, SW1.* Until Apr 12, Mon-Sat 9.30-5.30pm, Wed, Thurs until 9pm.

John Nash CBE, RA, paintings, watercolours & woodcuts. *New Grafton Gallery.* Mar 27-Apr 23.

National Custom Car Show. *Alexandra Palace, Muswell Hill, N22.* Mar 8-23, Mon-Fri 8am-9pm, Sat, Sun 10am-7pm. £1.50 (Sat, Sun £2).

On the Box: 50 years of TV broadcasting. *Science Museum, Exhibition Rd, SW7.* Mar 27-Sept 29, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

"... No country for old men", mixed media exhibition examining the social & economic condition of contemporary Ireland. *ICA Concourse, Institute of Contemporary Arts.* Until Mar 16.

Portrait of the Artist, portraits of the great literary figures associated with the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, between 1904 & 1979. *The Fine Art Society, 148 New Bond St, W1.* Until Mar 7, Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

Post-Impressionism & Europe, from the break-up of Impressionism to the establishment of Fauvism & Cubism. *Royal Academy, Piccadilly, W1.* Until Mar 30, daily 10am-6pm, Weds until 8pm. £2 (half price Sun until 1.45pm).

Arthur Rackham & Hendrik Werkman: a contrast in modes of design & illustration. *Victoria & Albert Museum.* Mar 5-Apr 27.

Reliquary of Charles the Bold, 15th-century gold piece from Liège, depicting Duke Charles & St George. *Victoria & Albert Museum.* Mar 26-June 1. 50p.

Safe as Houses, safety & security in the home. *Design Centre.* Mar 25-May 3.

Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough 1660-1744. A collection of family & historical papers from Blenheim Palace. *British Library.* Until Apr 27.

Second Sight, The first of a new series of exhibitions of two paintings by different artists in juxtaposition: Claude's "Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba" & Turner's "Dido building Carthage". *National Gallery, Trafalgar Sq, WC2.* Until Apr 7, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Sèvres—porcelain from the royal collection. *Queen's Gallery, Buckingham Palace Rd, SW1.* Until June, Tues-Sat 11am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. 60p.

Southwark & the Thames, the development of riverside industries & a look at the area's future. *Livezey Museum, 682 Old Kent Rd, SE1.* Until July 19, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm.

Textile Arts of France, including haute couture, bed-hangings & tapestries. *Victoria & Albert Museum.* Until Apr 7.

Turner at the Tate, "Sea, sky & sun", a group of 16 oil sketches found in the early 1960s. *Tate Gallery.* Until end June.

The Vikings. A major exhibition reflecting our growing knowledge of the Viking people. *British Museum.* Until July 20.

West of West, photographic & slide montages showing Ireland's ancient monuments & sites. *Institute of Contemporary Arts.* Until Mar 16.

Without the Walls, sculptural installations by eight young conceptual Irish artists. *Institute of Contemporary Arts.* Until Mar 16.

Jack B. Yeats, drawings & watercolours. *Theo Waddington Gallery, 25 Cork St, W1.* Until Mar 8, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat until 1pm.

Antiques Fairs

Chelsea Antiques Fair. *Chelsea Old Town Hall, King's Rd, SW3.* Mar 4-15.

Antiques Market. *The Bull, Olney, Bucks.* Mar 16.

Camden Antiques Fair, *Camden Arts Centre, Arkwright Rd, NW3.* Mar 27-30.

SALEROOMS

The following is a selection of sales taking place in London this month:

BONHAM'S, Montpelier St, SW7:

Silver & plate, Mar 4, 18, 11am.

European oil paintings. Mar 6, 13, 20, 27, 11am.

English & Continental furniture. Mar 6, 13, 20, 27, 2.30pm.

Porcelain & works of art. Mar 7, 21, 11am.

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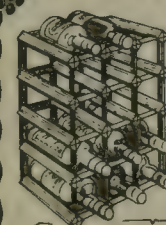
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"Financial Times", 25 Feb. 1975

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Oriental porcelain & works of art. Mar 14, 11am.
Clocks, watches, barometers & scientific instruments. Mar 21, 11am.
Decorative arts 1870-1940. Mar 28, 11am.
CHRISTIE'S, 8 King St, SW1:
Modern British prints. Mar 4.
Japanese ivories & netsuke. Mar 4.
Clocks & watches. Mar 5.
Continental furniture. Mar 6, 27.
Old Masters. Mar 7.
Chinese export porcelain. Mar 10.
Japanese works of art. Mar 11.
English drawings & watercolours. Mar 11, 18.
Jewelry. Mar 12.
English furniture. Mar 13, 20.
19th-century Continental pictures. Mar 14, 21.
Art Nouveau. Mar 17.
Miniatures & objects of vertu. Mar 19.
Musical instruments. Mar 21.
Chinese porcelain. Mar 24.
Impressionist pictures. Mar 25.
Impressionist drawings. Mar 25.
Silver. Mar 26.
Modern pictures. Mar 28.
CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON, 85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7:
Cameras & photographic equipment. Mar 6.
Books. Mar 7, 21, 10.30am.
19th- & 20th-century photographs. Mar 20, 10.30am & 2pm.
Uniforms, swords & militaria. Mar 25, 2pm.
STANLEY GIBBONS', Drury House, Russell St, WC2:
All world stamps, featuring Egypt. Mar 13, 14, 1.30pm.
Paper money. Mar 19, 1.30pm.
Bond & share certificates. Mar 21, 1.30pm.
Great Britain stamps. Mar 27, 28, 1.30pm.
PHILLIPS, 7 Blenheim St, W1:
Furniture, carpets & objects. Mar 3, 10, 17, 24, 11am.
Watercolours. Mar 3, 17, 11am.
Prints. Mar 3, 2pm.
Oriental ceramics & works of art. Mar 5, 19, 11am.
Arms & armour. Mar 5, 2pm.
Art Nouveau & decorative arts. Mar 6, 11am.
Postage stamps: Great Britain. Mar 6; Covers. Mar 20; Europe & Colonies. Mar 27, 11am.
Books, MSS & maps. Mar 6, 1.30pm.
Silver & plate. Mar 7, 14, 21, 28, 11am.
Old Master paintings & drawings. Mar 11, 11am.
Jewelry. Mar 11, 25, 1.30pm.
English & Continental ceramics & glass. Mar 12, 26, 11am.
Costume, lace & textiles. Mar 13, 11am.
Oil paintings. Mar 17, 24, 2pm.
Clocks & watches. Mar 18, 2pm.
Baxter prints & Stevengraphs. Mar 19, noon.
Pot lids, fairings, Goss & commemorative china. Mar 26, noon.
Musical instruments. Mar 27, 11am.
SOTHEBY'S, 34/35 New Bond St, W1:
Autograph letters & MSS. Mar 3, 4, 11am.
Chinese ceramics. Mar 4, 10.30am.
Medals. Mar 5, 10.30am & 2pm.
Old Master & modern prints. Mar 6, 11am & 2.30pm.
Chinese decorative arts. Mar 7, 11am & 2.30pm.
Rugs & carpets. Mar 7, 14, 27, 10am.
Glass. Mar 10, 11am.
English pictures. Mar 12, 11am.
Silver. Mar 13, 20, 11am.
English watercolours. Mar 13, 2.30pm.
Continental furniture. Mar 14, 11am.
Chinese snuffbottles. Mar 18, 10.30am.
Victorian paintings, drawings & watercolours. Mar 18, 11am.
Continental pictures. Mar 19, 11am.
Bonds, share certificates. Mar 19, 10.30am & 2.30pm.
Musical instruments. Mar 20, 11am.
Miniatures & vertu. Mar 24, 11am.
English delft ceramics. Mar 25, 11am.
Japanese swords. Mar 26, 11am.
Impressionist pictures. Mar 26, 27, 11am.
Jewels. Mar 27, 11am.
Postage stamps. Mar 27, 10.30am & 2pm.
Icons. Mar 31, 2.30pm.
SOTHEBY'S BELGRAVIA, 19 Motcomb St, SW1:
Victorian paintings, drawings & watercolours. Mar 4, 18, 25, 11am; Mar 17, 7pm.
Wines. Mar 5, 19, 10.30am.
Silver, plate & objects of vertu. Mar 6, 11am.
English furniture, works of art & textiles. Mar 12, 11am.

Ceramics. Mar 20, 11am.
Photographic images & related material. Mar 21, 11am & 2.30pm.
Sculpture. Mar 26, 11am.
Pot lids, Goss, fairings, Staffordshire & commemorative wares. Mar 27, 11am.

LECTURES

BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM OF CHILDHOOD, Cambridge Heath Rd, E2:

Gallery lectures:

Ladies' dress in the 19th century, F. Musker. Mar 1, 3pm.

Spreading the news—fashion dolls & plates, I. Stewart. Mar 8, 3pm.

Doll-making in Germany, France & England, C. Goodfellow. Mar 15, 3pm.

GEOLOGICAL MUSEUM, Exhibition Rd, SW7:

Geologising in eastern Siberia, D. White. Mar 1, 2.30pm.

A decorative stone tour of Britain, F. Dimes. Mar 15, 2.30pm.

The white cliffs of Dover, C. Wood. Mar 21, 6.30pm.

British earthquakes, R. Roberts. Mar 29, 2.30pm.

HORNIMAN MUSEUM, London Rd, SE23:

The zoological results of Captain Cook's voyages, P. Whitehead. Mar 8, 3.30pm.

Brunei—a sultanate of the South China Sea, J. Lim. Mar 15, 3.30pm.

Films:

Captain James Cook (BBC "Explorers" series). Mar 1, 3.30pm.

MUSEUM OF LONDON, London Wall, EC2:

Village & suburbia—the development of London through its individual communities: Enfield, D. Pam. Mar 5; London's early suburbs: Aldersgate to Bishopsgate, R. Weinstein. Mar 12; Thamesmead, J. Garrett. Mar 19; 1.10pm.

Museum workshops:

Rowlandson in London, C. Fox. Mar 6, 1.10pm.

Victorian & Edwardian toys, D. Dewing. Mar 13, 1.10pm.

Photography in a changing London, M. Seaborn. Mar 20, 1.10pm.

Findings from the Billingsgate Buildings site, M. Rhodes. Mar 27, 1.10pm.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, St Martin's Pl, WC2:

Gainsborough's letters: an illustrated reading on his life & work, A. & P. Cox. Mar 1, 3.30pm; Mar 4, 1pm.

Women artists in the National Portrait Gallery, E. Hooper-Greenhill. Mar 15, 3.30pm; Mar 18, 1pm.

A portrait of Charles I in words & pictures, R. Kelly. Mar 29, 3.30pm.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS, John Adam St, WC2:

Post-Impressionist visions of nature, J. House. Mar 5, 6pm.

A world conservation strategy, L. Talbot. Mar 19, 2.30pm.

Large tankers: their safety & their impact on the marine environment, R. Maybourn. Mar 26, 6pm. Tickets free in advance from the Secretary.

SCIENCE MUSEUM, Exhibition Rd, SW7:

Water off a duck's back, A. Tulley. Mar 1, 3pm.

Printing, A. Wilson. Mar 4, 1pm.

Laser—the light fantastic, A. Wilson. Mar 8, 3pm.

Communications, J. Stevenson. Mar 11, 1pm.

Early railways, A. Tulley. Mar 13, 1pm.

The power of James Watt, A. Tulley. Mar 15, 3pm.

Weights & measures, A. Wilson. Mar 18, 1pm.

"It never strikes twice"—a look at lightning, J. Stevenson. Mar 22, 3pm.

Steam engines, A. Tulley. Mar 25, 1pm.

Hand & machine tools, A. Wilson. Mar 27, 1pm.

What is energy? A. Wilson. Mar 29, 3pm.

TATE GALLERY, Millbank, SW1:

20th-century iconography, L. Bradbury. Mar 1, 3pm.

"L'escargot" by Matisse, L. Bradbury. Mar 2, 3pm.

West & Copley: contrasting approaches to tragedy in the 18th century, M. Seymour. Mar 3, 1pm.

Abstract Expressionism: 1. The roots in Matta

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& Miró, Mar 4; II. The gesture painters, Mar 11; III. The colour field painters, Mar 18; IV. Mark Rothko, Mar 25; P. Turner. 1pm.

Stanley Spencer: the profane made sacred, S. Wilson. Mar 5. 1pm.

Four great sculptural reliefs: Matisse's

"Backs", A. Slec. Mar 6. 1pm.

Abstraction: towards a new art, L. Bradbury.

Mar 6, 13, 20, 27. 6.30pm.

Juan Gris, J. Stern. Mar 7. 1pm.

Continental painters in England, L. Bradbury.

Mar 8, 3pm.

"The Cholmondeley sisters", L. Bradbury. Mar 9, 3pm.

Constable & Turner: the Brighton chain pier, S. Reid. Mar 10, 1pm.

Surrealist painting: the De Chirico tradition, S. Wilson. Mar 12, 1pm.

Surrealist painters & poets: an anthology, G. Cohen & C. Lowenthal. Mar 13, 1pm.

Bacon's "Three figures & a portrait", M. Ellis.

Mar 14, 1pm.

British painters abroad, L. Bradbury. Mar 15, 3pm.

"The three dancers" by Picasso, L. Bradbury.

Mar 16, 3pm.

The sculpture of Matisse, M. Robinson. Mar 17, 1pm.

The paintings of Francis Bacon, S. Wilson.

Mar 19, 1pm.

The Gabo room, C. Conrad. Mar 20, 1pm.

Rodin's "The Kiss", T. Measham. Mar 21, 1pm.

The black & white genius of Aubrey

Beardsley, S. Wilson. Mar 22, 3pm.

The sculpture of Rodin, T. Measham. Mar 23, 3pm.

The other Victorians: Grimshaw & Tissot, M. Ellis. Mar 24, 1pm.

The sculpture of Giacometti: "Skeletons in space", S. Wilson. Mar 26, 1pm.

Art without "claptrap": the paintings of J.M.

Whistler, A. Fullerton. Mar 27, 1pm.

The Rothko room, C. Conrad. Mar 28, 1pm.

The wonders of artificial lighting, L. Bradbury.

Mar 29, 3pm.

"The Graham Children" by Hogarth, L. Bradbury.

Mar 30, 3pm.

Gainsborough's "Portrait of Benjamin Truman", M. Seymour. Mar 31, 1pm.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, Crom-

well Rd, SW7:

18th-century rooms & their arrangement, P. Barton. Mar 2, 3.30pm.

The Sixties: Britten, Boulez—or Beatles?: the

music of the 1960s, C. Patey. Mar 4: Pop art,

S. Wilson. Mar 11; The furniture of the 1960s,

L. Meinertas. Mar 18; Modern architecture—

second thoughts? L. Gribbin. Mar 25: 1.15pm.

Art & culture in Europe—from the humanists

to the romantics: From donor to sitter, R-M.

Letts. Mar 5; From ideal man to reformer,

R-M. Letts. Mar 12; The gentleman of the

Grand Tour, E. Murdoch. Mar 19; "The stones

of Venice": a change of attitude, E. Murdoch,

Mar 26; 1.15pm.

Art at the court of Charles II, L. Gribbin. Mar

9, 3.30pm.

Realms of glory: Victorian religious painting,

S. Jones. Mar 16, 3.30pm.

Madame de Pompadour & the porcelain of

Sèvres, J. Gardiner. Mar 23, 3.30pm.

Chinoiserie, S. Bowles. Mar 30, 3.30pm.

SPORT

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

FA Cup 6th round. Mar 8.

Football League Cup final, Wembley Stadium,

Wembley, Middx. Mar 15.

England v Switzerland, schoolboys' inter-

national, Wembley Stadium. Mar 22.

Spain v England, Madrid. Mar 26.

England B v Spain B, Sunderland, Tyne &

Wear. Mar 26.

London home matches:

Arsenal v Bristol City, Mar 8; v Crystal

Palace, Mar 22.

Charlton Athletic v Bristol Rovers, Mar 1; v

Sunderland, Mar 14; v Chelsea, Mar 29.

Chelsea v Cardiff City, Mar 1; v Burnley, Mar

12; v Orient, Mar 22.

Crystal Palace v Bolton Wanderers, Mar 8; v

Manchester United, Mar 29.

Fulham v Chelsea, Mar 8; v Oldham Athletic,

Mar 28.

Millwall v Sheffield United, Mar 8; v Bury,

Mar 22.

Orient v Cambridge United, Mar 1; v Oldham

Athletic, Mar 14; v Cardiff City, Mar 29.

Queen's Park Rangers v Sunderland, Mar 1; v

Watford, Mar 14; v Luton Town, Mar 22.

Tottenham Hotspur v Leeds United, Mar 1; v

Crystal Palace, Mar 14; v Liverpool, Mar 29.

West Ham United v Notts County, Mar 8; v

Fulham, Mar 22.

Wimbledon v Chesterfield, Mar 1; v Carlisle

United, Mar 14; v Grimsby Town, Mar 28.

HORSE RACING

Greenall Whitley Breweries Steeplechase,

Haydock Park. Mar 1.

Victor Ludorum Hurdle, Haydock Park. Mar

1.

Sun Alliance Steeplechase, Cheltenham. Mar

11.

National Hunt 2-mile Champion Steeplechase

Challenge Trophy, Cheltenham. Mar 11.

Waterford Crystal Champion Hurdle Chal-

lenge Trophy, Cheltenham. Mar 12.

Tote Cheltenham Gold Cup Steeplechase,

Cheltenham. Mar 13.

Daily Express Triumph Hurdle, Cheltenham.

Mar 13.

William Hill Lincoln Handicap Stakes, Don

caster. Mar 22.

Salisbury 1,000 Guineas Trial Stakes, Salis-

bury. Mar 29.

Salisbury 2,000 Guineas Trial Stakes, Salis-

bury. Mar 29.

Grand National, Liverpool. Mar 29.

ICE SKATING

Fletcher Trophy, figure & free skating, Soli

hull, W Midlands. Mar 15.

500m relay championships, Bristol. Mar 29.

RUGBY UNION

France v Ireland, Paris. Mar 1.

Wales v Scotland, Cardiff. Mar 1.

UAU final, Twickenham. Mar 5.

Royal Navy v Army, Twickenham. Mar 8.

Ireland v Wales, Dublin. Mar 15.

Scotland v England, Murrayfield. Mar 15.

Royal Navy v RAF, Twickenham. Mar 22.

SKIING

Scottish Junior ski championships, Aviemore.

Mar 8-11.

Welsh ski championships, Aviemore. Mar 15,

16.

British Universities' ski championships,

Aviemore. Mar 31-Apr 3.

SQUASH

Avis British Open championships, Wembley

SC & Conference Centre, Middx. Mar 4-13.

Sun Life women's inter-county championship

finals, Dallington SC, Northampton. Mar 16.

ROYAL EVENTS

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh visit the 57th Daily Mail Ideal Home Exhibition. Earl's Court, W5. Mar 3.

The Queen attends a Service to commemorate the 250th anniversary of the death of Thomas Bray, Founder of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. St Botolph's Church, Aldgate, EC3. Mar 6.

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh attend the Commonwealth Day Observance. Westminster Abbey, SW1. Mar 10.

The Duke of Edinburgh, as President of the Central Council of Physical Recreation, opens the British Sports Exhibition. Stock Exchange, EC2. Mar 11.

The Queen inaugurates the Japan Style exhibition. Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7. Mar 12.

The Queen & the Duke of Edinburgh visit Leicestershire & open the Leicester Royal Infirmary Extension & Development. Leicester. Mar 14.

The Prince of Wales, as Patron, The Welsh Association of Male Choirs, attends a Festival of 1,000 Voices. Royal Albert Hall, Kensington Gore, SW7. Mar 15.

Princess Anne, President of the British Academy of Film & Television Arts, presents the British Academy Awards. Wembley Conference Centre, Wembley, Middx. Mar 20.

The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, opens the new phosphoric acid complex at Messrs Albright & Wilson's Marchon Works, Whitehaven, & the new foundry development of the British Steel Corporation, Workington, Cumbria. Mar 21.

The Queen visits St Paul's Church to mark the 250th Anniversary of its Consecration. Deptford, SE16. Mar 27.

Princess Anne opens the London Transport Museum. Covent Garden, WC2. Mar 28.



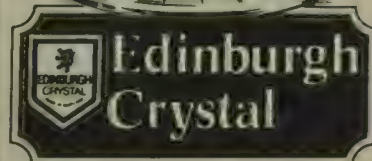
Edinburgh is one of the great cities of Europe. Scotland's capital is as elegant as Paris, as proud as Rome, as individual as Amsterdam.

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The car that was engineered in a wind tunnel

We'd like to take you inside one of the toughest test tracks in the world.

In reality it isn't a track at all, because no test track on earth could produce such extreme conditions.

Our picture was taken in the curving, 110 mile an hour, environmental wind tunnel at one of Ford's design and development centres. Inside we can create every kind of climatic condition on earth. And some that have more in common with Mars. Temperatures that would blister paint, or freeze anti-freeze. Tropical humidity. Or vicious side winds.

It was in the wind tunnel that the Ford Granada took shape.

As you may know, at 70 mph between 65% and 70% of the petrol you use is wasted simply overcoming wind resistance.

That's why we went through over 280 tests like the one on the left.

The picture shows how smoke is released into the airflow to detect turbulence. This helped assess the relative aerodynamic efficiency of various prototype models and develop features to reduce drag.

One such feature is the Granada's unique grille, which lets air into the radiator when you're stuck in traffic and extra cooling is needed, but which channels it over the top when you're travelling fast.

The wind tunnel also helped us design special window seals that practically eliminate wind roar when you're driving down the motorway, and a ventilation system which can change the air inside the car every 20 seconds at 50 mph without causing draughts, and which can prevent the side windows from misting up.

Wind tunnel testing even determined the tension in the springs that hold the wipers on the windscreen.

In another experiment the Granada spent days under searing ultra-violet light to see what effect continuous sunlight would have on the car.

And the engine was left idling for hours on end in sticky, humid heat to check that the fuel wouldn't vapourise and the radiator wouldn't boil in a Naples style traffic jam.

Then came the cold. The Granada had to prove it could start at 29 degrees below, with the oil congealed in the sump and the battery sapped of its power. Even on a Scottish winter's night it seldom drops below minus 10.

Here, too, we have machines that can age a car's suspension 15 years in 24 hours. We can simulate Alpine descents that test disc brakes to the limit, or non-stop drives at 120 miles an hour from Calais to Rome and back.

The Ford Granada is the end result of some of the most advanced technology ever designed for building cars. That's why it's so quiet and refined to drive. That's why it's so reliable.

Now that you've seen how we test it, why don't you test it?



Illustrated is the 2.8 V6 Granada Ghia with optional extra air conditioning, push button stereo radio/stereo cassette (mono radio/stereo cassette standard equipment) and metallic paint.

WORLD LEADER



Rothmans King Size

THE GREATEST NAME IN CIGARETTES

the best tobacco money can buy



MIDDLE TAR As defined in H.M. Government Tables.
H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

Politics and the law



If the law is an ass then the law should be changed. The confusion of judgments following the extension of the steel strike into the private sector confirms that the Trade Union and Labour Relations Act of 1974, as amended by the Act of 1976, is capable of more than one interpretation and emphasizes again the urgent need for new legislation in this field. When the executive of the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation decided to spread its strike into the private sector, which accounts for about 20 per cent of the country's steel production, an injunction to restrain the union from ordering the men to strike was sought by a number of the private steel companies. The injunction was initially refused, but was granted on appeal, partly on grounds of the court's residual discretion to grant an injunction to prevent action, in the words of Lord Denning, "which could cause grave damage to the economy and the life of the country, and put the whole nation and its welfare at risk", and partly because it was held that the union's action was political, aimed at coercing the Government, and not therefore an act in furtherance of a trade dispute, which would have given immunity under the law. There was no dispute between the private companies and their employees.

The decision of the Court of Appeal was overturned by the House of Lords, their Lordships holding that acts of trade union officers, aimed at putting pressure on the Government, which they genuinely believed would assist to bring the steel strike to a successful end were "acts in furtherance of a trade dispute" and so immune from an action in tort. The Law Lords referred to their judgment in the case of *McShane v Express Newspapers*, in which they had decided that secondary blacking on the part of journalists, on the instruction of their union, fell within the immunity granted under section 13 of the 1974 Act. In that case it was held that the interpretation of section 13 was subjective,

and that a person was protected provided he honestly thought that his action might help one of the parties to a trade dispute to achieve their objectives, and did it for that reason. In thus interpreting the law their Lordships emphasized the reluctance with which they came to their conclusions, for it granted to trade unions a power which, in the words of Lord Diplock, had "no other limits than their own self-restraint to inflict by means contrary to the general law untold harm to industrial enterprises, to members of the public and to the nation itself."

Any law which allows one section of the community to cause such harm to others, or even (as might be argued in the case of the steel industry) to themselves, without restraint or redress, is both asinine and vicious. It is also unjust. Clearly there is a difference of opinion between the Appeal Judges and the Law Lords about how far their interpretation of the law should allow for natural justice. The Law Lords are concerned to preserve the constitution's separation of functions between Parliament, which makes and unmakes the law, and the judiciary, whose task is to interpret and apply the law, but not to change it to meet its idea of what justice requires. Lord Denning, as Master of the Rolls, has had great influence on the interpretation of the law, and his interpretations have not infrequently shown up the inadequacies of the law and thus led to its reform. The conflict between his interpretation of current trade union law and that of the Law Lords can best be itself interpreted as a cry for help from the judiciary to the law makers. Parliament now must change the law.

The Government is committed to make such a change, but seems uncertain at the moment about how big a change it should seek to make. The Minister responsible, Mr James Prior, Secretary of State for Employment, is clearly not keen to introduce anything too dramatic. His Employment Bill penalizes secondary

picketing, imposes some limitations on the closed shop and encourages more democratic processes within the unions, such as the extension of secret ballots, but he has resisted pressures from within his party to introduce more draconian measures in response to the steel strike. Mr Prior, in fact, has made it clear that the Government will not be rushed into introducing any new laws on secondary industrial action, and has emphasized that his prime concern is that the Government's industrial relations policy should succeed. Three governments have been defeated on this issue in the last 15 years, he has pointed out, and the country could not afford to let that happen again.

There seems no reason why it should. Public opinion is in favour of the sort of change the Government proposes (it was one of the reasons why the Conservative Party won the last election) and so is a majority of trade unionists. The Bill as presented, with perhaps one or two amendments, would be a reasonable first step. It is not revolutionary, it is not union-bashing, but it imposes some legal restraints on secondary strike activity and provides some stimulus to union democracy. Some anomalies still need to be rectified—secondary action other than picketing would at present retain immunity, for example—but these can be dealt with in amendments, or even in a subsequent Bill. It would be wrong to try to introduce a complete new panoply of union law in one step, for to do so would be confusing and needlessly provocative. It is not a question simply of political expedience, or even of the fulfilment of election pledges or the survival of a particular government. What is needed is a framework of law that will prove acceptable to both sides of industry, to governments of varying complexion, to individuals and to the community at large. This will take time to achieve, and will need general consent to survive. The Government is right to proceed with care, but proceed it must.

Monday, January 14

The UN General Assembly voted by 104 to 18 in favour of a resolution strongly deploring the Soviet Union's intervention in Afghanistan.

Tuesday, January 15

The UK visible trade deficit for 1979 totalled £3,233 million, compared with £1,493 million in 1978. The balance of payments deficit on the current account in 1979 was £2,418 million.

Charges against Indira Gandhi, India's newly elected Prime Minister, for alleged abuse of power during her previous term in office, were ordered to be dropped by a special court in New Delhi.

Wednesday, January 16

Increases in the price of gas and electricity were announced by David Howell, Secretary of State for Energy. Gas prices would increase in 1980 by 10 per cent above the rate of inflation and electricity prices by 5 per cent above the inflation rate over a three-year period.

The Government announced plans to abolish 30 non-departmental executive bodies and 211 advisory organizations, saving an estimated £11.6 million a year.

The Foreign Office announced the restoration of full diplomatic relations with Chile.

Thursday, January 17

Three people were killed and two others seriously injured when a bomb exploded on the Lisburn to Belfast commuter train at Dunmurry on the outskirts of Belfast. One of the dead, who was carrying the bomb when it exploded accidentally, was later named as a member of the Provisional IRA.

One man was killed and another injured when a bomb exploded at the Mount Royal Hotel in London. A Palestinian group—the May 15 Arab Organization—claimed responsibility.

George Bradshaw, who had given the police the names of over 100 major underworld figures when he turned informant in April, 1979, while serving a ten-year prison sentence for armed robbery, was sentenced at the Old Bailey to life imprisonment for the murder of Alfredo Zomparelli in 1974.

Friday, January 18

13 people died when the Liberian freighter *Star Clipper* crashed in thick fog into the Almö road bridge which spans a fjord 30 miles north of Göteborg in Sweden, demolishing the central section.

Lord Soames, Governor of Southern Rhodesia, announced that the state of emergency in the country would be extended for another six months.

The remains of King Alfonso XIII of Spain, who fled into exile in 1931, were exhumed from Rome and returned to Spain to be reburied in the Escorial, north of Madrid.

Sir Cecil Beaton, the photographer and designer, died at his home in Wiltshire. He was 76.

Saturday, January 19

China announced it was ending its series of talks with the Soviet Union on improving Sino-Soviet relations because of the Soviet Union's invasion of Afghanistan which it said threatened world peace and China's security.

England's rugby team beat Ireland by 24 points to 9 at Twickenham. Wales beat France by 18 points to 9 at Cardiff.

Sunday, January 20

President Carter announced that the United States would boycott the Olympic Games in Moscow unless the Soviet Union withdrew its troops from Afghanistan within a month. Lord Killanin, President of the International Olympic Committee, said it would be impossible for the Games to be moved.

President Tito of Yugoslavia had his left leg amputated by surgeons in Ljubljana.

Monday, January 21

Margaret Thatcher, the British Prime Minister, held talks with executives of the British Steel Corporation and the leaders of the two main steel unions but refused to allow the Government to become involved in the dispute over pay which had brought BSC to a standstill since January 2.

In the US primary election in Iowa President Carter won 60 per cent of the Democratic vote and Senator Edward Kennedy 31 per cent. George Bush won the Republican vote with 31.5 per cent against Ronald Reagan's 29.4 per cent.

About 6,000 people were temporarily evacuated from their homes in Barking, East London, when toxic gases escaped after an explosion and fire had broken out at a chemical plant.

The price of gold increased to a record \$850 in London.

Tuesday, January 22

Dr Andrei Sakharov, the Russian nuclear physicist, 1975 Nobel peace prize winner and leader of the Soviet Union's dissident movement, was arrested in Moscow and exiled to the city of Gorkiy.

UK unemployment in January rose by 115,000 to 1,470,621, the highest January figure for six years.

Israel postponed indefinitely the elections in 25 Arab municipalities on the West Bank of the Jordan which were to have taken place in April.

The West Indies defeated England by 8 wickets in Sydney to win the one-day cricket series.

Wednesday, January 23

The President of the French National Assembly, Jacques Chaban-Delmas, cut short his official visit to the Soviet Union and returned to Paris in protest at the exile of Andrei Sakharov.

Rita Nightingale, a British nurse from Lancashire, was released from prison in Bangkok after serving two years ten months of a 20-year sentence for heroin smuggling. Miss Nightingale, who always protested her innocence, was granted clemency by the King of Thailand.

Thursday, January 24

The British Foreign Secretary, Lord Carrington, announced a series of measures to be taken in response to the Soviet Union's invasion of Afghanistan. They included the non-renewal of credit agreements with the Soviet Union which were due to expire in February, the prevention of food sales to replace those denied by the US, the suspension of ministerial and high-level contacts, the cancellation of military exchanges, the increase of BBC external broadcasts to Russia and Afghanistan, and the support of plans to move the summer Olympics from Moscow to other locations.

Francis Pym, Secretary of State for Defence, announced in the House of Commons that a programme to provide British Polaris missiles with a new warhead costing £1,000 million was near completion.

President Carter, in his State of the Union address to Congress, described the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan as the most serious threat to world peace since the Second World War. He warned that the US would resist, by force if necessary, any attempt by Russia to invade the Middle East.

New Zealand expelled the Soviet Union's ambassador in Wellington for giving money to the Socialist Unity Party—a Moscow-aligned faction which left the Communist Party in 1956.

A nuclear research laboratory 40 miles south of San Francisco was evacuated following an earthquake measuring 5.5 on the Richter scale which struck northern California. A leak of radioactive water from a tank was discovered, but there was no threat to public safety.

Turkey devalued its currency by nearly 50 per cent and cut import taxes to 1 per cent in an effort to combat inflation, falling production and unemployment.

Friday, January 25

Steel companies in the private sector failed to win an injunction preventing the main steelworkers' union from calling their members out on strike in support of the steel workers' strike at BSC. On the following day the Appeal Court, sitting under Lord Denning, ordered the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation to withdraw its strike instructions, but this was reversed in the House of Lords on February 1.

An inquiry into the deaths of people while in police custody was to be made by the House of Commons Home Affairs Committee. Between 1970 and 1979 245 people had died in police custody. The Police Federation estimate that over four million people were held in custody in this period.

Iran's first presidential election was won by Abolhassan Bani-Sadr, the country's Finance Minister, who received about 70 per cent of the vote. He was installed on February 4.

Israel officially completed its withdrawal from about two-thirds of its conquered territory in the Sinai Desert by handing back a 7,000 square mile area to Egypt. On January 27 the border between Egypt and Israel in Sinai was opened.

South African police shot dead three armed black men in Silverton, near Pretoria, who had

taken over a bank and had held 25 people hostage demanding the release of Nelson Mandela, the leader of the banned African National Congress. Two of the hostages were also killed and several people injured.

Saturday, January 26

The United States Olympic Committee decided formally to ask the International Olympic Committee to move, postpone or cancel the summer Olympic Games in Moscow.

A soldier from the Duke of Wellington's regiment was killed when shots were fired at a foot patrol in Belfast. The Provisional IRA claimed responsibility.

Sunday, January 27

Four United States diplomats and two of their wives left Iran secretly in the guise of Canadian diplomatic staff. The six, who arrived back in the US on January 30, had taken refuge in Canadian embassy homes when the US embassy compound was occupied by students on November 4.

Robert Mugabe, leader of Rhodesia's Zanu Party and joint leader with Joshua Nkomo of the Patriotic Front, returned to Salisbury after five years in exile to contest the general election. He was welcomed by an estimated 200,000 people.

Monday, January 28

Margaret Thatcher, the Prime Minister, opening a debate in the House of Commons on East-West relations and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, condemned the action as a "brutal disregard of accepted rules of international behaviour".

14,500 people joined a peaceful demonstration in Cardiff organized by the Welsh TUC in support of the pay strike by steelworkers.

Tuesday, January 29

Islamic foreign ministers, meeting in Islamabad, passed a resolution condemning the Soviet Union for its military aggression in Afghanistan.

A 35-year-old man from Bedfordshire, Nigel Olney, underwent a heart transplant operation at Papworth Hospital in Cambridgeshire. He was the fourth patient at Papworth in 12 months to receive a new heart.

Margaret Thatcher, the Prime Minister, held talks in London with Francesco Cossiga, the Italian Prime Minister and current EEC President. The talks centred on the reduction of Britain's contribution to the EEC Budget.

The comedian Jimmy Durante died in Los Angeles aged 86.

Wednesday, January 30

South African troops who had been guarding the Beit Bridge border crossing in Rhodesia were withdrawn and replaced by Rhodesian security forces.

The House of Commons voted in favour of televising its proceedings (with the casting vote of the Deputy Speaker) on a Private Member's Bill.

Thursday, January 31

Queen Juliana of the Netherlands announced her intention to abdicate on April 30, her 71st birthday, to be succeeded by her daughter, Crown Princess Beatrix.

Ronald Marney, aged 50, became Britain's second heart transplant patient within a week when he underwent an operation at Harefield Hospital, Hillingdon.

Friday, January 1

Spain broke off diplomatic relations with Guatemala in protest at the police raid on the Spanish embassy on January 31 which had been peacefully occupied by Indian peasants. 39 people died in a fire set off by a petrol bomb, including a former vice-President of Guatemala who was visiting the embassy.

Saturday, February 2

Prime Minister Constantine Karamanlis of Greece offered to set up a permanent home for the Olympic Games on neutral ground at their ancient site near Olympia.

Sunday, February 3

16 people were killed in Rhodesia when guerrillas, thought to be members of Robert Mugabe's Zanu Party, fired into a bus on a main road south-east of Salisbury.

Mohammed Ali, former American world heavyweight boxing champion, arrived in Dares-Salaam at the start of his tour of five African countries as President Carter's special envoy. His mission was to gain support in Africa for the US call for a boycott of the Olympic Games in Moscow.

Police and National Guardsmen gained control of the New Mexico State Prison after two

days of rioting which followed the takeover of the prison by 400 inmates. At least 39 inmates were killed, several more are missing and many injured in fires and fighting which broke out between the prisoners.

Monday, February 4

Lady Summerskill, Labour MP for 23 years, died at her home in London following a heart attack. She was 78.

Tuesday, February 5

President Giscard d'Estaing and Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, following a meeting in Paris, warned that there could be no progress in détente unless and until the Soviet Union withdrew from Afghanistan.

Lord Soames, Governor of Southern Rhodesia, assumed new powers to restrict meetings by political parties, to suspend people from campaigning and to disqualify parties where violence or coercion had taken place.

The Spanish embassy in San Salvador was stormed by a group of left-wing guerrillas and six hostages taken, including the Ambassador. On the same day students occupied the Education Ministry demanding the reform of the Government's education policy.

Four Britons were killed and several people injured by an avalanche at the Italian ski resort of Cervinia.

Britain and Argentina agreed to restore full diplomatic relations after a break of four years.

Wednesday, February 6

The Government's broadcasting Bill, intended to establish a commercially operated fourth television channel by 1982, was published. The Bill also included provision for an independent Broadcasting Complaints Commission to cover both BBC and ITV programmes.

Britain's youngest heart transplant patient, 29-year-old Andrew Barlow, left Papworth Hospital, Cambridgeshire, to return home 11 weeks after his operation.

The Panamanian Foreign Minister announced that the former Shah of Iran, who arrived in Panama on December 15, would not be allowed to leave the country.

A Soviet ballet teacher, Sulamif Messerer, and her son, a ballet dancer, defected to the West while on a Bolshoi Ballet Company's tour of Japan. They flew to the United States where they sought political asylum. On February 10 one of the Company's choreographers, Henryk Mairov, asked for political asylum in Austria.

England lost the third Test match against Australia in Melbourne by 8 wickets and the series by three matches to nil.

Thursday, February 7

British Leyland refused to re-instate Derek Robinson, the sacked union convenor, at their Longbridge plant, despite a union inquiry which found that the company had failed to follow normal procedures when they sacked him in November, 1979.

The United States postponed the imposition of sanctions against Iran in order to help find a solution to the crisis over the holding of 50 American hostages in the embassy in Teheran.

Sir Joshua Hassan, Chief Minister of Gibraltar and leader of the Labour Party Association for the Advancement of Civil Rights, was returned in the elections for a third successive term in office, his party winning eight of the 15 seats in the House of Assembly.

North and South Korea reopened telephone communications between their capital cities after a break of three and a half years.

Friday, February 8

Talks between the British Steel Corporation and the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation and the National Union of Blastfurnacemen broke down shortly after the first full scale negotiations had been resumed since the national steel strike began on January 2.

Saturday, February 9

Garfield Todd, former Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia and supporter of the African Nationalist Movement, was arrested and charged under the anti-terrorism laws. He was later released on bail and denied charges of assisting terrorists.

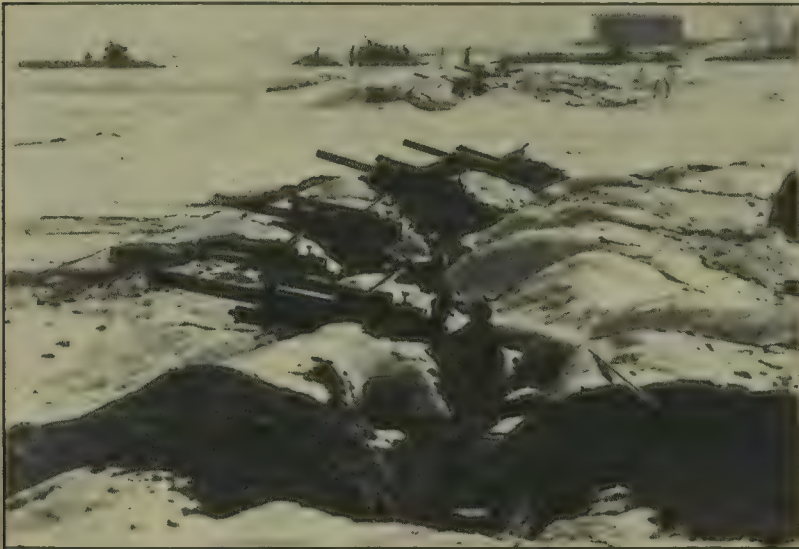
Sunday, February 10

Robert Mugabe, leader of Rhodesia's Zanu PF Party, narrowly escaped assassination when a remote-controlled bomb exploded under a convoy of vehicles near Fort Victoria. It was the second attempt on his life in one week.

In Afghanistan: As the bitter winter tightened its grip and world opinion continued to condemn Soviet activities in Afghanistan, hundreds more Russian troops were flown into Kabul or crossed into the country via a mountain pass about 90 miles from the Pakistan border—presumably in preparation for an offensive against Afghan rebels outside the capital whose operations increasingly harass the Russians. Daylight patrols appeared on the road to Jalalabad, where insurgent activity included the blowing up of a bridge and the ambushing of a convey. Russian troops became more obvious on the streets of Kabul where hitherto they had kept a low profile, and Russian aircraft and helicopters were seen overhead. Units of the Afghan army have been stiffened by the addition of Soviet soldiers. The insurgents are reported to be planning to form their own provisional government in opposition to the Soviet-backed administration.



A Soviet armoured convoy, skirting by civilian traffic, in the snow-lined streets of Kabul at the end of January.



A battery of Soviet guns are dug in on the road to Jalalabad, about 7 miles from Kabul; while in the capital troops from a convey search for a sniper.



Though food shortages have been reported in the villages, supplies have been maintained in Kabul. Trading activity includes kerb-side currency exchange.



Lead-up to Rhodesia general election: Black Rhodesians in a protected village show their support for Bishop Abel Muzorewa, above left; about 500,000 Black Rhodesians inhabit these villages, set up both to protect them from guerrillas and deny local help to insurgents. Above right, 16 black civilians were killed and more than 20 injured when guerrillas attacked their bus about 100 miles from Salisbury in the worst incident since the cease-fire began a month previously.



Insurrection in San Salvador: Conflict between the military junta and left-wing activists, verging on civil war, is resulting in loss of life. One demonstration against the junta, which took power on October 15 last year, resulted in the deaths of 32 people when the National Guard fired on crowds on January 23 and 24.

Developments in Iran: Support for Ayatollah Shariat Madari and opposition to Ayatollah Khomeini continued, particularly in the Turkish-speaking province of Azerbaijan, centre. Meanwhile four United States diplomats and two of their wives escaped from Teheran at the end of January, assisted by Canadian embassy staff. Hope for the release of the US hostages remaining in the US embassy grew with criticism of their student captors by newly-elected President Bani-Sadr.



Greek ship grounded at Brighton: The 3,500-ton Greek cargo ship *Athina B*, carrying pumice worth £45,000, was blown ashore at Brighton by a gale after its engines and steering gear failed; the crew were taken off by lifeboats. The *Athina B* will be refloated when her damaged hull has been repaired.



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SIPARIX FEATURES

American prison riot: Two days of rioting left at least 39 inmates dead at the New Mexico State maximum security prison, which will cost an estimated \$50 million to replace. The riot began as a protest at conditions but prisoners took the opportunity to settle personal scores and attacked other prisoners; others died in fires that were started.

Dissident exiled: Dr Andrei Sakharov, 58, left, the Russian atomic scientist and human rights activist, was arrested in Moscow, stripped of his state honours and sent into domestic exile to the city of Gorkiy which is closed to foreigners. Dr Sakharov was awarded the Nobel peace prize in 1975, though not allowed to collect it; his wife Yelena, now exiled with him, went to Stockholm in his stead. The move is seen as a gesture of defiance from the Kremlin against the West's condemnation of Russia's Afghanistan adventure.

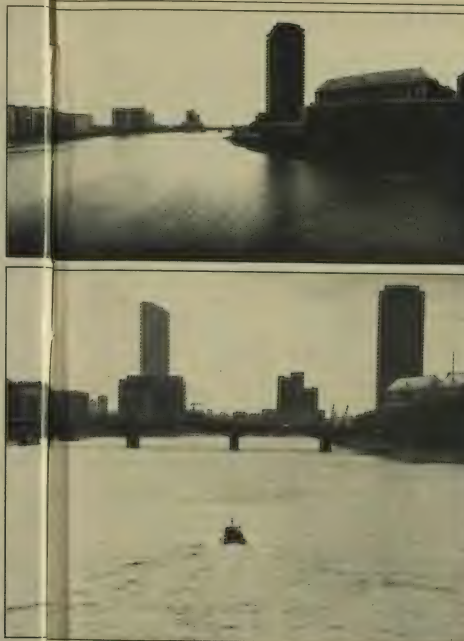


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Australia win final Test: Australia won the third Test against England in Melbourne by eight wickets. In a fighting innings on the final day England's Ian Botham, centre left, scored 119 not out. Above, England's captain Mike Brearley congratulates Australian captain Greg Chappell on winning all three matches in the series. Centre right, Ian Chappell with Dennis Lillee who took his 200th Test wicket and was made man of the series.

A giant for the south bank? A 40-storey development has been proposed for the derelict site alongside Vauxhall Bridge, to be built for European Ferries. It would consist of a tower block containing about 370,000 square feet of offices, parking and services, 96,000 square feet of housing and 134,000 square feet to include squash courts, swimming pool, shopping facilities and an art centre, possibly to be used for stored works from the Tate. The scheme, designed by architect Lawrence Howard and estimated to cost £40 million, was originally christened the "green giant", as it was proposed to clad the building in green glass; with the possibility of storing works of art the glass would now be grey, as green might affect the pigmentation of pictures. At 500 feet, the new building would top the Shell building by 135 feet; the first ten stories would flare out from the offices above and house terraced blocks of flats as well as the art centre. Opponents of the scheme object to the 256 foot façade which would be presented to the river and which would cast an unwanted shadow, and to the overall height, which would make the block a landmark from many parts of London, and they claim that extra office space is not needed in central London. On the other side it is argued that the development would bring new life to an area that sorely needs it and that has lain idle for over 20 years. The scheme has been the subject of a public inquiry and is under consideration by the Department of the Environment.

Right, artist's impression of the European Ferries development. Far right top, looking upstream towards the site. Far right centre, impression of tower block on site. Below, the site today.



WESTMINSTER COMMENTARY

What price détente?

by Robert Rhodes James

The manner in which foreign affairs have come to the forefront of the attention of politicians has been one of the major surprises of the new Parliament. Indeed, for one period of ten Parliamentary days at the end of January there was only one in which there was not a statement, debate or questions on a foreign affairs issue. In their constituencies MPs found more interest and concern about international events than any could remember.

In one respect this is a heartening development, particularly for one who has sometimes almost succumbed to despair about the interminable parochialism and introspection of British politics and most politicians.

The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan—and how typical of the Labour National Executive that, after several days of hawing, it feebly denounced the Soviet "intervention"—came at a time when President Carter, for so long so lamely underestimated in Britain, had effectively recaptured strong support in the United States for his firm but highly sensitive handling of the immensely complex Iranian crisis, and the British were riding high at the successful ending of the Lancaster House Conference. Many pitfalls remained, but much real progress had been made.

But something more subtle had happened to public opinion in both countries in attitudes towards the USSR.

The causes of disillusionment with détente are manifold. In retrospect it can be seen that President Nixon and Dr Kissinger grossly oversold its benefits and expectations, as did the Labour government. When Mrs Thatcher expressed strong doubts about the real value of the Helsinki agreement she was greeted with a storm of denigratory abuse, and much was made of her alleged inexperience in such matters. But then came mounting evidence of Soviet interventionism in Africa, a massive and aggressive build-up of Russian conventional and nuclear forces in Europe, and cynical disregard for the human rights provisions of Helsinki. It was the latter which for the first time brought together people of very different political views in Britain to make common cause for the Soviet and East European dissidents.

In my election addresses of both 1976 and 1979 I put the need for higher expenditure to achieve strong national defence high on my list of national priorities, and in my speeches and articles I returned to the theme again and again. In a marginal constituency, with a famous University, militant clap-trap would have been scorned. I set out the grim facts carefully and objectively and found a real response.

Thus the Soviet invasion came at a moment when the two most significant members of the North Atlantic

Alliance had governments and public opinions that were strongly sceptical of the reality of détente and were already deeply suspicious of Soviet intentions. Salt 2 was the most obvious casualty, although probably not a permanent one. The real significance was that it marked the end of the détente period. But what is to take its place? And what are we to do about it?

To the dismay of some of us, there were colleagues in the Conservative Party (though not in the Government) who greeted the Soviet action not simply with cries of "We told you so", but also with seriously misconceived analogies with March, 1939. One normally level-headed colleague wanted to "take out" Cuba, opining that this would only take a few hours. There were calls for naval units to proceed forthwith to the Gulf. What about intervening militarily in Angola? President Zia of Pakistan, so recently abhorred as Bhutto's hangerman, was abruptly metamorphosed into a pillar of world freedom.

Calm but tough counsels prevailed so far as Britain and the United States were concerned. The same could not be said of the West as a whole. Senator Kennedy's shamolic candidacy took another lurch into disaster when he denounced the grain embargo; the Socialist Far Left in Britain tried a diversion by denouncing the American "invasion" of Vietnam. The anti-cruise missile campaign, after a moment of disarray, resumed its activities. There were even reports that in the British Government itself there was a brief-lived faltering in the resolve to press on with an expanded defence programme. The Olympics controversy also revealed a painful lack of unity.

The Soviet Union, in achieving a temporary military triumph, may well have suffered a long-term political defeat, particularly in its standing among non-aligned countries. It may also have finally removed what illusions remained in the West about the value of Russian agreement on anything. But the episode has also emphasized the imperative need to concert Western responses and attitudes, and to relearn some painful lessons about military and economic weakness and diversity.

In a dangerous world cool heads and calm calculations are essential. To recognize this is not to be a defeatist, or an appeaser. Peace through strength must be the policy objective. How to achieve it will be the supreme test of statesmanship. But for the first time in recent years British and American ministers know that they have a receptive, chastened and deeply worried public opinion behind them. This may prove to be the real long-term significance of Russia's Afghan adventure.

Robert Rhodes James is Conservative MP for Cambridge.

Early every morning

Every morning at six o'clock the BBC starts its radio broadcasting day by a short musical programme which contrasts strangely with what, echoing the musical, intellectual and unintellectual fashions of the hour, the Corporation normally provides for its listeners. Forty years ago in 1940—at least in the part of that apocalyptic year which followed the end of the “phoney” war—it would have been well in keeping with the nation's mood. But it seems strangely remote from the prevailing spirit, if that is the right word, of this year of grace, 1980. For it enshrines and expresses, in almost every note, that outmoded sentiment, patriotism or love of country.

I stumbled on it quite by accident. Having some years ago embarked on the formidable task of writing a history of England, and being aware that the amount of time now left me in which to finish it cannot, in the nature of things, be very long, I have taken to starting my day's work at four or five in the morning. And switching on the radio by my bedside—for I like to write to a background of classical, but not too demanding, music—on the off-chance of finding something to my taste, there came to me suddenly, and out of the blue, a bar of the old song, “Early one morning”, followed, to my astonishment—and delight—by Arne's “Rule Britannia”, which always has the effect on me of a trumpet call! From there the invisible melodists carried me across St George's Channel into the “London-derry Air” and thence, across waters known to Robert Bruce in his darkest hour, to the strains of “Annie Laurie”. And from there to the mountains of my half-native Wales and that stirring summons to heroic endeavour, “Men of Harlech”, which, as a small boy at Harrow School, like Winston Churchill before me, I used to have to pipe up in a quavering treble on house-singing nights.

“Hark! I hear the foe advancing,
Barbed steeds are proudly prancing,
Helmets in the sunbeams glancing
Glitter through the trees.”
—a song which, like the punch drunk by the brawn-faced yeomen farmers round the famous Hampshire pitch in John Nyren's Hambledon Cricketers, “would make a cat speak”. It certainly made a small, squeaky boy, for all his nervousness at having to sing it, glow with pride at the thought of the purple, water-whispering hills above Glaslyn and the brave men of long ago, who
“From the rocks rebounding
Let the war-cry sounding
Summons all
At Cambria's call
The haughty foe surrounding.”
And thence, breaking into English trumpets again, back to “Rule Britannia” and a final bar of “Early One Morning” before the bathos and, at times, discredit, of the news.

What is patriotism? How does it arise? What makes it? First, I think, I would say place—love of place, its character and associations woven by time into the human heart. There is a passage in a letter written just after the outbreak of the 1914-18 war by Rupert Brooke in which he tries to express the feelings born of the sudden realization that the England he had known and loved throughout his brief life was liable to be invaded, something he had never before thought possible:

“He was immensely surprised to perceive that the actual earth of England held for him a quality which he found in A—, and in a friend's honour, and scarcely anywhere else, a quality which, if he'd ever been sentimental enough to use the word, he'd have called ‘holiness’. His astonishment grew as the full flood of ‘England’ swept him on from thought to thought. He felt the triumphant helplessness of a lover. Grey, uneven little fields, and small, ancient hedges rushed before him, wild flowers, elms and beeches, gentleness, sedate houses of red brick, proudly unassuming, a countryside of rambling hills and friendly copses. He seemed to be raised high, looking down on a landscape compounded of the western view from the Cotswolds, and the Weald, and the high land in Wiltshire, and the Midlands seen from the hills above Princes Risborough. And all this to the accompaniment of tunes heard long ago, an intolerable number of them being hymns. There was, in his mind, a confused multitude of faces, to most of which he could not put a name. At one moment he was on an Atlantic liner, sick for home, making Plymouth at nightfall; and at another, diving into a

little rocky pool through which the Teign flows, north of Bovey; and again, waking stiff with dew, to see the dawn come up over the Royston plain.”

Perhaps I can put it another way. Writing, as a historian, during the Second World War, I tried to re-create for myself and the reader the likeness of the old England which my old master, G. M. Trevelyan, called “the England of the yeoman and the alehouse on the heath”, and which went to war in 1793 to combat what the peace-loving William Pitt the Younger—one of the worst war-ministers who ever lived and one of the bravest—described as “armed opinions”. (Plenty of these, incidentally, to our peril, are about today.) Here, woven from many sources in letters, diaries, books and, above all, paintings, is my picture of the England of that day.

“From the high hill which rose out of the woods beyond the pitch one could see on clear days half southern England—valley and down and forest. Over that wide countryside the sea winds never ceased to blow from every point of the compass, free as the hearts of oak the land bred. Waving trees and smoke fluttering like a ragged banner, feathery heath, lonely cottages at the edge of moor, and forest, ragged cows and geese and ponies pasturing in the wild by ancient prescribed rights. Tidal rivers flowing through marshes to the ocean with black cattle grazing at their salt edges and wooden cobs and crab-boats tossing on their silver bosom, land of semi-nomads, gatherers of shellfish, fowlers, long-shore fishermen and armed smugglers—of Slip-jibbet and Moonshine Buck tip-trotting by in the dark with tubs of Geneva for the

parson and ‘baccy for the Clerk’. Sometimes travellers and shepherds near the coast would see the fleet of England riding at Spithead in one of the broad bays of the Channel shore. ‘Pleasant and wonderful was the sight as seen from Ridgeway Hill, with the West Bay and the Isle of Portland and Weymouth and Melcombe Regis, all lying in the calm sunshine,’ wrote Elizabeth Ham in after years, ‘I can see it now.’

And here, I think, one comes to the second cause of patriotism or love of country: the awareness of the country's past and of the link between that past and its present. It was this sense, even more than his courage and fortitude, which made Winston Churchill such a superb leader of Britain in the hour of her peril and adversity and gave us the power to pull ourselves up from the pit of destruction by our own bootstraps. Without this we could neither have survived nor rallied the world to save and restore the failing cause of human civilization and liberty.

“All the past proclaims her future”, wrote the poet Swinburne 100 years ago, in the heyday of Britain's naval, commercial and colonial ascendancy: “... Shakespeare's voice and Nelson's hand,

Milton's faith and Wordsworth's trust. In this our chosen and chainless land, Bear us witness: Come the world against her, England yet shall stand.”

Is it still true in the very different circumstances in which England and the British people find themselves today? And is it true what William Pitt declared a century earlier, when Britain stood alone, facing across the narrow seas a revolutionary nation in arms with three times her population, with all western Europe aligned against her, her industrial districts starving, Ireland in rebellion and even the Fleet in mutiny: “I am not afraid for England,” he said, “we shall stand till the day of judgment.”

For our past made us, made us a nation, gave us as a people a *unity* without which no people can become or remain a nation. The psalmist defined the truth of that necessity in the translated words of our lovely and inspired English liturgy. “O pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls and plenteousness within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes I will wish thee prosperity.”

Well, that necessity is, I think, true, now as in the past. And whether we can stand the test, when it comes, remains to be seen. But personally I believe, against all probability, that we shall. And I am grateful to the BBC, as I struggle with my early morning's dry-as-dust, for supplying its heartening reminder of what could still re-make us a united and noble nation ●

100 years ago



Severe poverty in western Ireland, occasioned mainly by overpopulation in a countryside and climate unable to support large numbers, made extensive relief measures necessary, including subsidies to assist emigration. Absentee landlords and large landowners were blamed for the distress by the local people and an engraving in the *ILN* of March 6, 1880, shows the agent of the Marquis of Sligo being escorted to his Westport office by armed constables.

A tank for Nato

by Julian Critchley

With the imminent publication of the White Paper on defence, the author, who is MP for Aldershot and a vice-chairman of the Conservatives' Defence Committee, calls for a rationalization of weaponry to counter the might of the Warsaw Pact armies ranged against the Nato countries.

"The best weapon against the tank is another tank" is the conventional view of the military, and not just in Britain. They are right. Of late the focus of attention within Nato has been on theatre nuclear rearmament, on the decision taken last December by the Nato Council to station American Pershing 2s and Tomahawk cruise missiles in several European countries as a counterweight to Soviet nuclear power, but it is the Soviet tank that remains the real threat to the Nato alliance especially in central Europe. Why then are we so heavily outnumbered?

Herr Hans Apel, West Germany's Defence Minister, has given a warning that the Warsaw Pact would retain its 3:1 superiority in armour over Nato into the 1980s even if President Brezhnev's offer to withdraw 1,000 Soviet tanks from East Germany were taken up. What Nato has to fear—and, if possible, to counter—is the blitzkrieg, a sudden attack with little or no warning, in which the overwhelming weight of Soviet armour in areas selected by the aggressor, together with the use of artillery and aircraft, would punch a hole in the Allied line as a preliminary to a short campaign of thrust and encirclement not unlike the opening stages of Hitler's attack on Russia. Such a blow could destroy Nato's forces east of the Rhine in days, and cripple the Federal Republic. This is precisely what the tank armies within the group of Soviet armies in Germany are geared to do. Why then, if the Nato alliance as a whole spends more money on defence than does the Soviet Union, and the gross national products of the European countries of the alliance are four times that of Russia, do we permit such Soviet superiority?

There is no good answer. Some might say that we would use tactical nuclear weapons in an attempt to stave off defeat, but it would be hard to win German approval for such a course as the weapons would strike German civilians, and could, of course, be countered immediately by Soviet retaliation in kind. What the West offers, not in explanation but as an excuse, for the 3:1 Soviet superiority in tanks, is that our hopes are pinned on qualitative superiority, on technical expertise, on greater firepower and more manoeuvrability. In short, our tanks are better.

But are they so much better that we can discount a 3:1 Warsaw Pact advantage and do so when Russian technology has parity with that of the West, and when the bulk of Soviet tanks in the 1980s will be the new T72s, the main characteristics of which are a 125mm gun with a smooth bore, a

combat weight of 40 tons and a speed of 70kph? The T72 has automatic loading, which permits a three-man crew, and laser range-finders. Like the T62, now in service, the new tank is designed as a rapidly-moving breakthrough tank, ready to exploit any initial success its superiority in numbers would give it.

Surely the first necessity is to reduce the disparity in numbers. This can be done only by building smaller, more economical and cheaper tanks, and producing them on a European-wide scale so that Nato reaps the benefit of standardization, advantages which include interoperability and lower unit cost. The Warsaw Pact does operate Russian-built tanks of different generations but of a standardized design and manufacture. Nato, on the other hand, as a coalition of powers, deploys a range of different tanks of national origin: the Germans, the Leopard I, and coming into service, the Leopard II; the French, the AMX 30; the British, the Chieftain; and the Americans, the Patton. The Italians, Dutch and Belgians have bought the Leopard.

However well the technology in a tank may function it will be useless if high costs lead to low procurement. And, given the ever-rising cost of oil, there is everything to be said for tanks with a lower fuel consumption. The new technologies could best be employed to promote lightness, speed and economy so that the inevitable effects of inflation on defence budgets can be, at least in part, discounted. This table shows how standardization helps:

Comparative Production Costs for Nato and Warsaw Pact

Tank	Cost per kilo in D Marks (1976 prices)
T62 (USSR)	18
Chieftain (UK)	20
Leopard I (W Germany)	27.50
AMX30 (France)	37
Leopard II (W Germany)	45
XM-I (US)	45

The Ministry of Defence, in common with the Pentagon and the German Defence Ministry, seems at present wedded to the "big gun, big kill" tank, although the US Army's Defence Advanced Research Projects Agency is considering under congressional pressure designs for lighter tanks, capable of heavy firepower and high manoeuvrability. The British Chieftain weighs 55½ tons, has a 120mm gun and a speed of 60kph. The Leopard II weighs 54 tons, has a 120mm gun and a speed of 72kph, the XM-I weighs 52 tons, carries a 105mm gun and has a speed of 70kph. The main purpose in each case has been to produce a tank

heavier than its Soviet counterpart and at least equal to it in firepower, using the latest computer and electro-optical combination to secure first-hit probability and with the strongest possible armour to protect crew, fuel and ammunition. The Leopard II is a fine tank; would that there were more of them!

The Chieftain, with its excellent gun and poor engine, has been the main British battle tank since 1966. The improved Chieftains, the Shir Iran I and II, were ordered by the Shah. The Shir Iran I, which has a better engine, is likely to be sold off to Third World nations, either to Jordan (thus helping to upset the balance of power in the Middle East) or to Indonesia (where it can do little harm). The Shir Iran II, which has not yet been built, will incorporate the new Chobham-armour, and some hundreds of these vehicles are likely to be built to replace some, but not all, of the Chieftains in Rhine Army in the mid 1980s. We are left with the MBT 80 project—the main battle tank for the 1980s—which has dropped so far behind that it ought to be renamed the MBT 90. This again will be another super-tank but at a super price. Should we not consider an alternative?

The estimated cost of this new British tank, including research and development, is roughly £1 million each at 1979 prices. Given a decade of inflation, and of little, if any, growth in the economy, and a proposed order of 1,000 of these expensive monsters, it appears unlikely that either this Government, or a Socialist one later in the decade, would be able to afford them.

The Thatcher Government has so far exempted defence spending from its public expenditure cuts, and is committed to increase defence spending by 3 per cent a year until 1986 in response to Nato's needs. But however good her intentions, the Prime Minister has only to make a list of Nato's requirements—the Tornado, more anti-submarine ships, better defence against low-level air attack, bigger stocks of fuel and ammunition, improved artillery, better command, control and communications systems, and add to that dauntingly expensive list the cost of the Polaris replacement programme, which its friends admit will cost more than £5,000 million and for which its enemies will claim double that figure—to see just how large the bills will be. And they are bills to be met at a time of zero economic growth, and to be paid for at the expense of other projects, all of which will have their advocates and their penalties.

The logic of the Government's present economic policies, which can

be described as monetarist but without benefit of an incomes policy (unlike every other European country), must lead inevitably to further cuts in public spending, including cuts in projected defence expenditure. If so, why not consider alternatives to the new main battle tank now, before wrong decisions are taken and money wasted?

The alternatives are either a co-operative venture with an allied country, or the simple purchase of foreign-made equipment. We have done both in the past, but not for tanks. Krauss Maffel, the Munich-based company which has been the prime contractor for the Leopards, is embarking on a design study for a Leopard III, which will be the German main battle tank for the 1990s. Though detailed information is not available it is known that it is likely to be a lighter, nippier vehicle than its predecessors. In particular, it will have a crew of three, not four, with automatic loading, as has the T72, which will result in savings in weight, cost and scarce crews. It is significant that the French are taking part in the preliminary design studies with a view to possible Franco-German co-operation. Should not Britain consider whether to take part in this venture? A joint Anglo-French-German main battle tank for the 1990s, with production of the component parts distributed between the partners, would be the means of providing Nato with a sufficient number of modern tanks to enable them to operate more effectively together, and at less cost. Most important of all, the greater number of tanks available would enable Nato to match the Soviet armoury in a way we are at present unable to do.

The rationalization of tank production within Europe is so obviously the wiser course that it is bound to give rise to squeals of rage by national vested interests. Civil servants, soldiers, manufacturers and trade unionists from each of the three "participating" countries will claim loudly that they, and they alone, can build the best tank. But the "best" would be the enemy of the good. What Nato needs is not just modern tanks, but modern tanks in sufficient numbers to defeat any Soviet offensive.

We shall have provided ourselves with the means to do so only when Secretaries of State for Defence—and their counterparts in the alliance—have been prepared to knock heads together and impose their will on their bureaucracies so as to adopt the solution that is so clearly in Nato's interest. A Secretary of State unable or unwilling to do precisely that is not worth his salt or his salary ●

Crisis in the steel towns

by John Winton

As the axe falls on thousands of jobs in Shotton and Corby, the outlook seems bleak for these towns which have depended on the steel industry for their prosperity. The author has been sampling local opinion and suggests that the future might be brighter than has been feared. Photographs by Charles Milligan.

Christmas Eve in Shotton—the last Christmas of an epoch—a bright day of blue sky and North Wales sunshine. Crowds throng the pavements alongside the main Chester road which runs through the town. The Deeside Silver Band gustily plays carols for charity outside Tesco's. There are long queues in the greengrocers' and fruiterers'. Business generally is brisk. "It's been mad since last Friday," says the lady in the tobacconists'. "They're spending as though there's no tomorrow."

But across the river Dee, where the steelworks lies like a great sprawling fortress, huge clouds of steam are billowing from the top of No 1 blast furnace (the biggest in Europe when it was first commissioned in 1953) as thousands of gallons of water are used to cool it down for the last time. The local newspaper has an apocalyptic headline "Count Down To Big Sleep". "Sad, really," says the tobacconist lady. "Because we've had a good living from steel over many years. We're having a good Christmas and then—that's it."

New Year's Eve in Corby, the last day of the old year and of the old world—a brilliant day of hard blue sky and bright sunshine. Here it is really Hogmanay, because in Corby two out of three people are Scots: Glasgow accents in the car parks and the supermarkets; very few maps of Northamptonshire in the newspapers, among the piles of maps of the Trossachs, the Cullins, the Highlands. Again, business is buoyant. The main shopping precinct, "Shoppers' Paradise", is packed. But the ominous initials are still to be seen, on stickers in car rear windows, aerosolised across walls, emblazoned along the top of the Strachelyde Hotel and on the chimneys and battlements of the steelworks itself: SOS. "Save Our Steel".

But it is too late. For many in Shotton and Corby, and other steel communities up and down the country, it really must seem that there is no tomorrow. By the end of this month steel-making will end for ever, throwing an estimated 6,500 out of work in both towns. It is the result of over-optimistic government and British Steel Corporation estimates of world demand,

previous failures to slim down the industry, compounded by inefficient management. "They get a good plant manager, so they promote him up onto the Board," say the men contemptuously.

An already heated emotional temperature in the industry was raised further by the national steel strike. Steel workers are not normally militant and this was the first major stoppage since 1926. At Shotton the pickets warning their hands over their braziers were profoundly pessimistic. They simply could not see where the thousands of new jobs were coming from. "An optimistic article on Shotton?" They glared over a great abyss of uncommunication. "You mean an article saying that what's happening to us doesn't matter?"

Shotton was guaranteed steel production at least until 1982. The closure has come earlier and has cost many more jobs than expected. The problems have thus been accelerated and aggravated. With two areas of already high unemployment nearby, Wrexham to the south, Merseyside to the north, there are horrible forecasts of an unemployment rate on Deeside of 20 per cent—once in five. For some places, such as Flint, Chwyd County Council's Chief Executive Mervyn Phillips is already talking of "the dreadful figure of 40 per cent".

And yet, for all the prophecies of gloom and doom, there are grounds for optimism, more especially in Corby. There, rumours of closure were confirmed only about a year ago and for a long time the official local line was to fight the closure. Local councillors, many of whom are involved with the steelworks, could not be seen publicly to be preparing contingency plans. But now the axe has fallen Corby has been given the status of a special assistance area, and plans for bringing more and diverse industry to the town (which have actually been under way for years) are being stepped up.

New factories are being built, and housing is available (there are at the moment more than 1,000 houses standing empty in Corby). There have been over 250 inquiries about new factories. Many will fall by the wayside,



Above, Corby steelworks, and left, some of the town's 1,000 empty houses. Above right, the cooling towers of Shotton steelworks from Connah's Quay on the river Dee.

but enough will remain to make Kelvin Glendening, leader of the Labour-controlled Council, look forward confidently to 11,500 new jobs. "They won't come all at once," he says. "I'm talking about a period of five years. We're facing a very difficult two years to start with. But after that things should improve."

That optimism is shared by his political opponents. Harold Lear, a retired senior manager of BSC and a local JP, is president of Corby Conservative Club. He was chairman of the Council in 1977, the *annus mirabilis* for Corby Tories, when the town had its only Conservative council ever. "Oddly enough, we see what is happening as a great chance for Corby, though it may not seem like it," he says. "It is a chance to get away from the one-industry image Corby has always had. Ever since Stewarts & Lloyds came here Corby has always meant steel."

Corby is a town of huge estates, houses to the south and west, factories to the north. In the 1930s the steel works descended upon a tiny village of 1,500 souls, and expanded it over the



years to its present 55,000. Thousands of workers were recruited, most of them from Scotland. They came down to Northamptonshire, to countryside, housing, wages and a standard of living they had never known in Govan or the Gorbals. The managers lived outside the town and have continued to do so. So Corby is not only a town of one industry, but of one class—artisan.

It is "Little Scotland" but at the last count there were residents of 47 other nationalities: a large Irish contingent; Germans who first came as POWs during the war; a Latvian colony, whose male voice choir, singing the music of their native land, was once famous in Corby; and Chinese, buying premises in the town centre. Outside the town the Northamptonshire county gentry are still intact, with land tenure going back to the Norman Conquest.

"Corby has always been an industrial island in an agricultural ocean," says Commander Michael Saunders Watson, of Rockingham Castle, local landowner and chairman of a co-ordinating group formed to "keep everybody in touch with what everybody is doing". "It's always been an immigrant community, with social problems. The crime rate is higher than in the rest of the county. But things were settling down. The second generation is now well into its working life here. Now it's all gone haywire again."

A spokesman for the Northamptonshire branch of the British Association of Social Workers said in the local paper that he expected increases in divorce, child abuse, depression, violence, crime and vandalism. His remarks were received with some scepticism. "He's only saying you need more social workers." The fact is, nobody knows what is going to happen. As Commander Watson says: "It will be a new situation. People with lots of money in their pockets, and no job".

The "second generation" is well represented by Mick Farren, a steel worker of 27, with a young wife, one small boy and another child on the way. His father brought the family to Corby from County Donegal when Mick was three years old, so he was brought up in Corby. He is a committee member of his local lodge of the National Union of Blastfurnacemen. He lives in one of the finest estates, the Danesholme, and walked 4½ miles to work and back every day ("This strike is making me put on weight," he says). He expects redundancy money of about £5,000 and has no intention of leaving Corby. He hopes to get another job as soon as possible, buy property and, above all, *stay*. "Corby won't die," he says. "It may stagger a bit, but it won't die."

The size of the redundancy payments—some long-serving



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workers expect nearly £20,000—has tended to stifle sympathy. A feeling of "If they're getting that sort of money they shouldn't complain" occasionally surfaces in the Merseyside Press. Other workers employed by such firms as Tarmac and British Oxygen will also lose their jobs but because they are not BSC employees they will not get the same scale of compensation. When others read of steel families in financial difficulties there is a definite tide of counter opinion which says, "They've been earning good money for years, haven't they ever heard of putting something by for a rainy day?"

Shotton and Corby both expect a boom while the money lasts. Shotton workers will receive about £65 million, apart from grants and other aid in the area from the Government and other agencies. There is lurid talk of a "gold rush", "Deeside will be like Las Vegas", "Boozers and betting shops will boom". Travel agencies will thrive, as people take "that holiday of a lifetime". Undoubtedly speculators of various kinds will be attracted by all that money lodged in unaccustomed hands.

But when the bubble has burst Shotton will have to fall back on its own resources. Shotton has lived under threat for seven years. In 1973 a Shotton Action Committee was formed

as a pressure group to save the works. They did help to get two stays of execution, in spite of the fact that, as the chairman Monty Hughes says, "every proposal put forward by the Action Committee was ignored by the Corporation". Yet the Action Committee were amazed and proud of what they did achieve and the talents they discovered among their members. "If it's done nothing else," says Monty Hughes, "this struggle revealed what a rich vein of industrial and social intelligence there is among ordinary working people." Monty Hughes, a senior technical records clerk with nearly 30 years' service at Shotton, insists that his Action Committee failed "in the end through events beyond our control".

They talk locally about the "Shotton spirit". Much of it derives from the strength of the family. Shotton has always had a family atmosphere. Sons follow fathers into the works. The Leonard family, for instance, are famous far beyond their terrace home in Shotton. They have appeared in the local Press and television, and their pictures in Corporation publicity material. Jack Leonard, a past president of the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation, employee-director of the strip mill division from 1971 until last year, has worked at Shotton for 48 years. His sons John, Billy, Stephen, Michael, daughter-in-law Jean, brother-in-law Bob, and a whole tribe of nephews, in-laws and cousins all work



at Shotton. Together they present a formidable family front to the world.

The steelworks began as a family business in 1895, when John Summers & Son Ltd. "Galvanized sheet manufacturers, nail and clog iron makers", of Stalybridge, Cheshire, bought land at Shotton and began their first rolling mills and galvanizing plant the following year. Four generations of the Summers family worked at Shotton until, and even after, nationalization.

As a very young man Peter Summers went to Corby to work shifts, and learn steel-making from the furnace floor up, before coming back to Shotton to work with his father Sir Richard Summers. Today, as Industry Co-ordinator (North-west) of British Steel Corporation (Industry) Ltd, his task is to encourage new industry to come to Deeside in the post-steel-making era. As he says, "BSC have shown their faith in the area by investing nearly £1 million to develop the infrastructure of the first 50 acres of the Deeside Industrial Park". The whole Park extends for 600 acres and the eventual long-term objective is a density of 20 jobs to the acre.

From his office in what used to be the public weighbridgeman's bungalow on the edge of the Industrial Park, Peter Summers tries to preach the gospel of Deeside, offering new, rent-free factories, free consultancy services, substantial grants, loans below Bank Rate, advice and red-tape-cutting. This

Above left, Industry Co-ordinator of BSC Peter Summers, whose family first produced steel at Shotton in 1895. Top, the Leonard family, who typify the "family atmosphere" of Shotton; Jack Leonard has worked there for 48 years. Above, the modern shopping precinct at Corby.

is only one facet in a massive effort, by Government, the county council and a score of other agencies, to speed up grant aid, encourage jobs, retrain redundant workers and make prospective employers feel, as Peter Summers says, "generally that they are among friends".

So far the new jobs number only tens and fifties rather than the hundreds and thousands needed. It does seem that Shotton faces a much longer and harder pull than Corby. But, once again, there are flickers of hope. Skilled men will never lack a job. The young and resourceful are already studying possible markets for their expertise; those with special knowledge, such as computer programming, are thinking of starting their own computer service and becoming self-employed. An increasing number of men are thinking of taking their redundancy money and becoming independent, like their grandfathers, before they entered the steelworks.

Nobody knows what will happen. With thousands of families involved, this could prove to be one of the greatest social upheavals of the century ●

Who is the greatest?

by Christopher Brasher

In the powerful Steve Ovett and the graceful Sebastian Coe Britain has produced in the same generation two of the fastest middle-distance runners of all time. The author, a former Olympic champion, suggests that one of these very different personalities must now rank as the greatest athlete of our time.

We play a very muted trumpet in Britain. Indeed the predominant note sounds like a long-drawn-out raspberry directed at ourselves. Nothing, we moan, is as good as it was and almost everything is wrong. Since I do not believe in any of this derogatory nonsense and am an optimist, I would like to blow a trumpet, loudly from a high hill so that every person in the land can hear. And the notes that will emerge will tell a tale of two young men whom the world appreciates far more than we, who live in the land that bore them, shaped them and made them aware—a tale of barriers made to be broken, horizons there to be crossed.

There names are Steven Michael Ovett and Sebastian Newbold Coe, and they are currently the two greatest middle-distance runners in the world; there is no question about that. The only question is: which is the greater?

I cannot answer that nor can I explain why these two young men should have emerged at the same time, living in one small country inhabited by scarcely more than 1 per cent of the world's population. It is a strange coincidence, made still more strange by the fact that they are utterly different personalities: more different than Bannister from Landy, or Elliott from Snell—as different as black Bayi from Tanzania was—and is—from blond Walker of New Zealand.

I have seen all these men run. I have seen Bannister defeating Landy in the Miracle Mile of 1954; Elliott stretching to an Olympic Gold medal, and a new world record, in the Rome Olympics of 1960; Snell winning three Olympic titles in 1960 and 1964; and then Bayi, from the front all the way, setting a world record and taking the Commonwealth title in Christchurch in 1974; and I have seen Walker become the first man in the world to run a mile in under 3 minutes 50 seconds.

All these men had rare talent but not one of them had the talents of Ovett or Coe. That is a very big claim, especially about two young men who have never won an Olympic title. But I believe it is true for the sufficient reason that I have never seen two men who make record-breaking look so ridiculously easy.

Let me first compare the bare statistics of the two—rather in the manner of one of those charts, beloved of the Press, and published on the morning of a world heavyweight contest.

Steve Ovett is the older: born October 9, 1955, in Brighton, which makes him nearly a year senior to Seb Coe, born Sept 29, 1956, in London.



Sebastian Coe and Steve Ovett in a rare photograph together after the final of the European 800 metres in Prague, September, 1978.

Ovett is the taller, 6 feet 1 inch against Coe's 5 feet 9¼ inches. And Ovett is heavier at 11 stone, compared to Coe's slight 9 stones 3 pounds. Put them in the ring together and any pundit would put his money on Ovett because of the principle that "a good big 'un will always beat a good little 'un".

Yet Coe is the faster—fractionally. His world record for 1,500 metres stands at 3 minutes 32.1 seconds. Ovett has recorded 3 minutes 32.2 seconds. Coe's world record for the mile is 3 minutes 49 seconds. Ovett has run the distance in 3 minutes 49.6 seconds. Coe's world record for 800 metres is 1 minute 42.4 seconds. Ovett, at this distance, is some yards back, with 1 minute 44.1 seconds.

Coe's three world records—he is the only man this century to hold all these three simultaneously—were set within 41 days in the summer of 1979, a year which Ovett was treating as one of gentle competition and recuperation before the Olympics of 1980. So the difference in times do not mean much to me. The real test will come in July in Moscow—I hope.

I hope that we shall see them together in the same race, but that is not yet certain. First, they have to emerge from a winter of hard basic work and then a summer of competition, and much can happen. As Coe has said so truthfully, "an athlete is one injury away from oblivion".

It is also not certain that they will

attempt the same Olympic distance: both have a choice to make; both could compete in three events (800 metres, 1,500 metres and 5,000 metres) but the Olympic timetable shows a clash between the 1,500 metres and the 5,000 metres. So they will have to choose. My guess is that Ovett will concentrate on the 1,500 metres and Coe on the 800 metres, but because that event is at the beginning of the Olympic programme he will go on, win or lose, to try the 1,500 metres or 5,000 metres, depending on how his programme shapes in May and June.

It may sound as though I think they are certainties for gold medals. But nothing can be certain when men from all over the world are called together on one appointed day in a foreign land to prove to themselves and to the world which of them shall reign as Olympic champion for the next four years.

I shall also remember the occasion when everyone agreed that a major title would go to Coe or Ovett and yet both were beaten. The occasion was the European 800 metres championships in Prague in September, 1978.

Steve, then aged 22, was the "old master", the man of experience. When only 17 he had won the gold medal for the 800 metres in the European junior championship. A year later in Rome he came second in the European senior championship, beaten by lack of racing experience. He then went on to win the 800 metres in the European Cup finals

of 1975 and the 1,500 metres in the finals of 1977 and he had been through the cauldron of Olympic competition. Now, in Prague, he was the man of experience, the proven winner.

Seb, by contrast, had no experience of major competition. He was the new boy who had come out of Loughborough University to break the United Kingdom record with a time of 1 minute 44.3 seconds—the fastest time in the world thus far into 1978.

We, who sat in the stands in Prague stadium, thought that Seb's lack of experience would not matter because he was a member of that rare tribe known as "front runners". Front runners are much sought after as "hacks" or "worker bees"—men who will do the work up front, breaking the face of the wind, and who will then fade as the stars come through in the final lap. But there have been front runners of a different ilk; men like Emil Zatopek of Czechoslovakia, Vladimir Kuts of Russia, Dave Bedford of Britain and Filbert Bayi of Tanzania who have gone to the front and defied those behind to hang on while they break a world record. They are men of huge heart and when they compete in a championship we, who watch, know that the race will be truly run.

So it was when Coe and Ovett went to the line together in the final of the European 800 metres: here was the race between the new front runner *par excellence* and the most feared "kicker" in the world—a "kicker" in athletics being a man who, when the pace is fast, can explode with energy from the depths of his body and thus gain an immediate 5 or 10 yard lead.

When the gun went, the expected happened: Coe went straight to the front, stretching the field with a diabolical tempo; the others hung on, knowing that if they lost contact with the slight Englishman there would be no opportunity to recover. The first lap took 49.3 seconds. If Seb kept this up he would run 800 metres in 1 minute 38.6 seconds: 5 seconds, or 40 yards, faster than anybody else in the world, ever. But Ovett and a big man from East Germany, Olaf Beyer, would not be shaken off.

Rounding the last bend Coe still led from Ovett, 1 metre back, and Beyer 3 metres away. Ovett kicked, a weak kick because there was little energy left at this pace. It was enough to carry him past the tiring Coe and now he must have felt that the gold medal was his. But the big German came inexorably past, dredging the last ounce of effort out of his huge frame. ➡

Who is the greatest?

There was nothing left in Ovett, nothing in Coe. They, the men who had made the race, had to be content with silver and bronze.

I tell that story at length because of the warning it signals that championship races—European, World or Olympic—are never between two men. They are between the best athletes in the world and athletics history is full of the names of previously unknown athletes who have been inspired by the moment to produce a masterpiece.

I use the word "masterpiece" with purpose because, at the very highest level of sport, there is a relationship between physical effort and art. It is easiest to see this in gymnastics or ice skating, where sport blends into ballet, but it also occurs, very occasionally, in many other sports where the perfection of physical movement is as spiritually uplifting as a great symphony or a great painting.

To my mind both Ovett and Coe have this ability to lift the spirit, to lift sport into art. In Ovett's case it comes when he exhibits that controlled surge of power that leaves good men struggling in his wake: and the way he arrogantly maintains that power, waving to his parents in the stands with a smile on his face—a smile at a time when other men are racked with pain!

With Coe it is his ability to "float" over the ground as if gravity did not exist. I have seen the same phenomenon only once in my lifetime: at the Bolshoi ballet in Moscow in 1955 when I watched Ulanova dance in *Romeo and Juliet*. She, a woman then nearing 40, could bewitch us into believing that she was a young girl and she did it by dancing, not on the stage, but in the very air itself.

I wrote a paragraph about this in a story for *The Observer* and a sub-editor cut it out, either because he, a sporting man, had never heard of Ulanova or else because he thought I was being fanciful. So let me tell a fanciful story.

Seb Coe has a twin sister, Miranda, who was a most promising ballet dancer until she grew too tall. Now at the same height as Seb, 5 feet 9 inches, she dances in Las Vegas. I was talking about her and ballet to Mrs Coe and she, not knowing that I had compared her son's floating action with that of Ulanova, told me that she had always been a balletomane and that when Seb was being born in 1956, Ulanova, her great heroine, was taking Covent Garden by storm.

You can make of that what you will but I know that Seb has always possessed this ability to defy gravity. I have seen it in a snapshot in the family album, a picture taken of him running in a school race at the age of 13. He is small and frail looking but the stride is long and he is floating with this same ability to defy gravity. It is a style, a stride, that also defies fatigue. After his world record for the mile in







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Who is the greatest?

Oslo last July, the knowledgeable *Track & Field News* reported: "What stunned most observers was his almost complete lack of fatigue after the race. No stumbling, no heavy breathing."

The same words could be applied to Steve Ovett. I have watched dozens of his races and I have never seen him leg-weary or agonizing for breath. It is wondrous to watch one such athlete. It is unbelievable that we should have two, in the same country, at the same time.

Off the track they have one thing only in common: both come from closely knit families. Steve is the eldest son of a teenage marriage. His mother Gay, who is often mistaken for his sister, owns a catering business and two cafés in Brighton. His father, still only 39 years old, "works too hard, smokes too much, carries too much weight and worries"—the words are Steve's. Father insists on travelling to see as many of Steve's races as possible although he has already had a heart attack. Steve says that he developed the habit of turning to the crowd and waving in the finishing straight as a means of telling his father not to worry!

Steve has no job, no long-term thoughts of a career. He lives at home, helping out with the family businesses when needed but otherwise applying himself to the serious business of training—a training pattern that is utterly different from Seb Coe's. Indeed Steve indulges himself in a training régime that intrigues Seb, who says: "I've always been genuinely interested in how Ovett can train in the morning and then go back to bed until midday and then wake up and do another run and then sleep all afternoon, wake up in the evening in time for another session, this time on the track, and then go home for his meal—and so to bed."

"I tried his régime for just one day when I was in Oslo before the mile race. I got up early, ran around the lake outside the hotel, had my breakfast, dosed down for the morning, woke up at midday, did some strides, had my lunch, went to sleep for the afternoon, woke again in the evening and went down to the Bislet stadium to run a couple of fast 400 metres and a few 200 metres. Then I went back to the hotel for a meal, sat around for a bit and went to bed at 9.30."

"For one day I was a full-time athlete. Now I don't wish to deride that approach. Steve is not a mindless moron. It is simply that there are horses for courses and that is not my course."

Seb's course is worked out with his father, Peter, who is also, unusually, his coach. They live in Sheffield, in a street on a hill just above the university and Peter goes down into the city every day, where he works as production director for a famous Sheffield cutlery firm. He is trained as an engineer and he has applied that practical knowledge to



Steve Ovett, a full-time athlete, adheres to a rigorous training routine.

the physical training of his son. Peter could not see the logic of so much of what purported to be athletic training. "There was any amount of advice but so much of it was conflicting. So I started some elementary reading and then went to a coaching conference and before long I knew what Astrand [the Swedish sports physiologist] and Gerschler [the German coach] had said. But I realized that nobody knew."

So Peter Coe sifted all the sayings of the famous and produced his own training programme for his own son. The relationship is all-important. As Peter says, "An athlete prescribes his own training by his reactions to the tasks you set him and his results in races. What a coach must do is to tune himself into his athlete. Now I know almost all there is to know about my athlete." He always talks about Seb like that, calling him "my athlete" rather than "my son". It is, he says, a necessary mental discipline.

However close the relationship, there is no doubt that father and coach, son and athlete, were very surprised when Seb broke his first world record, early last summer, just after he had finished his final year of studies for an economics degree at Loughborough University.

Throughout the last academic year, from October, 1978, to the end of May, 1979, Seb worked hard at his books and trained, on average, no more than 53 miles a week. Now this is a laughable mileage to the present day international athlete who, for the past two decades, has been brought up on the philosophy that mileage makes champions.

For those readers who missed my article in *ILN* in January, let me briefly recap because this is an important point that proves that Seb is more than a great athlete: he is a man who is bringing sanity back into the sport.

At the Olympic Games of 1960 and 1964 three New Zealand athletes won a total of four gold and one bronze medals at distances of between 800 metres and 26 miles 385 yards. All three suffered the same training régime of running 100 miles a week at the orders of their coach, Arthur Lydiard.

The athletes of the world took note and decided that if 100 miles a week produced success, then 120 miles a week, or maybe 140 or 160 miles a week would produce still more success. And so the mileage craze began until a few nut-cases stated to run more than 28 miles a day, day in and day out. They all broke down with muscle or joint failure—or even worse, with kidney trouble. They had all forgotten that quantity is no substitute for quality. Until Seb Coe astonished the world last summer.

It was not only the reports that he had run no more than 53 miles a week, it was the story of the few weeks before his first world record that astonished the training fanatics.

Throughout last May Seb worked, night after night, until 2.30 in the morning, swotting for his final examinations. During the two weeks of his tests, he managed to get out for a run on only three occasions. When exams were finished on June 4 Seb was ill for a week and had to withdraw from English international matches because he did not feel capable of running 800

metres in 1 minute 50 seconds, a time that hundreds of athletes can beat.

Three and a half weeks later, on July 5, he set a new world record with a time of 1 minute 42.4 seconds. I said to him afterwards that, to put it mildly, it was all very surprising. Seb said that he had been using the same word "but there is a limit to how many times you can go on saying that!"

Strangely enough there are people in Britain who think that Seb should not have broken world records last year, that he should have kept his best for the Olympics. That, to me is all part of our loss of faith in ourselves. Are we afraid that Seb's talent is so rare that it will flower for only one year?

Seb tells me that he has had the same type of reaction, as if people were saying: "Stop. If you break world records now, you are going to put too much pressure on yourself. So what do I say to them? I cannot go back. It has been done. The records have been broken. Somebody will break them again. They are only borrowed. After I had broken John Walker's world mile record with John in the race behind me, my old man went up to him and said that he was sorry that it had been John's record which had gone. John just said, 'That's history.' He's right. You can't live in history. Tomorrow is a different day, a different game."

If I concentrate on the words of Seb rather than those of Steve it is simply because Seb is always ready to speak. He rides the demands of the world—and the world makes big demands on its world record holders—with a smiling confidence. Steve, on the other hand, is a man who keeps his distance from the Press, seldom if ever giving an interview, letting his exploits on the track speak for themselves. His coach, Harry Wilson, says that this is because he has not got the gift of the gab like Brendan Foster or Seb, but when I had a rare lunch with Steve before the World Cup final in 1977 and pointed out to him that he would be one of the few British athletes in the team representing Europe and that there were many knowledgeable European journalists who thought him surly, he appeared in the interview room after winning the 1,500 metres and talked sensibly and well.

So there we have them: two British athletes about whom I can only apply the word "magical". I do not know which is the greatest and if you think that in the interest of good English, I should have said "which is the greater" then I can only refer you to that master of language, Mohammed Ali. He said "I am the greatest" and he was the greatest boxer in the world. Well, Seb Coe or Steve Ovett is the greatest athlete in the world today, the greatest athlete I have ever seen. The only trouble is that I do not know which of them is the greatest.

And that is not really a trouble. It is a pleasure, a delight, for me to look forward to: the contest between the two, which I hope will take place this summer in Moscow.

TONY DUFFY/SPORT



Profile by Joan Bakewell

Professor Alan Bowness

The new director of the Tate Gallery takes over his post at a time of self-questioning, when modern art is considered by many to be in a trough after the excitement of the 1950s and 60s. The author asks him about his career and about the changes his appointment is likely to make at the Gallery.

It was inevitable we would talk about the Bricks. They are the first things journalists ask the new director of the Tate Gallery about. So let me get them out of the way. "People ask me, 'Will you buy any more bricks?' And I say, 'Yes!—maybe not bricks, but Yes!'" It is not spoken in defiance but with the quiet, unassuming confidence of a man who knows where Andre's Bricks—the Tate's sensational purchase of 1972—fit in the historical perspective of modern art which he has studied for 20 years. It is not a scholar's secret and Professor Bowness is quite happy to explain: "They belong to that part of modern art devoted to systems and mathematical formulae. It goes back a long way—it's related to Seurat, Mondrian and Albers. When you examine the Tate's historic modern collection you realize that what happens in the present, even if it seems totally revolutionary, stands in some sort of relationship to the past."

But what about all the fuss whenever the public think the Gallery has gone completely dotty? "I do sympathize with the sense of outrage some people feel that taxpayers' money should be spent on such art, and at the Tate now we're looking for a way of financing the Gallery's most controversial purchases privately, rather than publicly. And there are, fortunately, private individuals and private institutions who are sympathetic to new developments in art and who would be quite happy to buy for the kind of collection I would like to see. I have a personal opinion of the Bricks? "Well, I prefer the stones I can equally enigmatic arrangement of large pebbles set out by Richard Long on a floor of one of the Tate's new extension rooms), not just because they are the work of a British artist, but because Richard Long belongs to that tradition of English artists who found something new to say about landscape." Art that reflects landscape, I am to discover, means a lot to Professor Bowness.

Professor Alan Bowness is still a new boy at the Tate. Formerly director of the Courtauld Institute (he succeeded Anthony Blunt there in 1978), he arrived as director at the start of the year. He took me to lunch at the Tate's restaurant with its famous Rex Whistler murals and fashionable clientele. Tables got booked there three days ahead. The waitress did not recognize him and asked the name of the booking. "I'm the director," he confessed humbly. He is basically reserved

rather than shy, not good at the jovial expansiveness of greetings and farewells, but securely himself on his own territory in between. And that now includes the Tate. The waitress was the more confused of the two as we were shown to his table.

Some people's careers follow deliberately structured choices, others are left to chance. Alan Bowness claims his is the latter. But he started life with all the opportunities open to a bright scholarship boy. "My father was a school teacher, his mother was a village school teacher. My forebears, as the name suggests, come from mid Cumberland. My father was very much the bright provincial boy who came to London, to teach in the classic way for any boy—D. H. Lawrence, Henry Moore—who came from that kind of background. He stayed in London teaching all his life. I'm London-born. Fenchley. Home was a very ordinary, middle-class London suburban house—no pictures of any consequence, no real interest in visual arts."

From state primary school he went to public school, then Cambridge, each time on a scholarship. "I certainly wasn't top of the class. But one of the things about schools like UCS (University College School in Hampstead) is that they gather together lots of bright boys who are going to be good in their different ways." Contemporaries there included the poet Tom Gunn and the sociologist Peter Townsend. "I used to be known for the kind of writing, both formal and informal. I belong to the John Osborne generation and would like to have written the John Osborne kind of play. Never any good at games, absolutely not interested." He was, however, already interested in art. "I'm one of those fortunate people who have never found any particular difficulty with modern art, whether modern music, poetry or painting. Curiosity has always overtaken any kind of critical barrier. I began going to art exhibitions while I was still at school in the mid 40s—artists like John Minton and Keith Vaughan. The first thing I ever bought was a Keith Vaughan lithograph. At Cambridge I bought for a picture-lending scheme: again artists like Vaughan, Minton, Louis le Walrus, and Francis Bacon. Not abstract art. It was the early 50s and I didn't like abstract art yet."

From school a passion for the writing of F. R. Leavis led him to Downing College, Cambridge. But first

there was National Service—or rather there wasn't. "Having at one point been very patriotic, in the last years of the war I thought the dropping of the atom bombs on Japan was a thoroughly immoral act and the saturation bombing of Germany and the unconditional surrender seemed to me immoral, too. So as a logical consequence I became a conscientious objector. I got in touch with Quaker groups whose work I admired and volunteered for the Friends Ambulance Unit, a mixture of hospital orderly work and relief and rehabilitation after the war. So when I came before the tribunal as a CO I was given conditional exemption. I'd been ready to go to prison. After all Michael Tippet and Victor Pasmore did. Now? My ideas haven't really changed."

Three years with the Ambulance Unit in Germany were followed by a year's teaching with the Quakers in the Lebanon. "I've a great admiration for the Quakers, but in the last resort I'm not a believer myself." By now he was 22 and just starting at the university. "Young people today are so eager to get on, in such a hurry. I say the longer you can delay the beginning of your university career the better. If you're going to study literature it helps to be a bit older and have some experience."

At Cambridge he read modern languages, and visited the Fitzwilliam Museum, home of the city's art collection. The director was Karl Winter and it occurred to the young student that this was the kind of job he would like. Winter told him about the Courtauld Institute, that branch of London University entirely dedicated to the history of art. "I came to art history through literature. I was going to write a thesis on symbolism in Zola and thought it would be interesting to study symbolism in the arts." But first came two years with the Arts Council. "I was Regional Arts Officer for the south-west, travelling around visiting exhibitions, art colleges and talking to art groups. I was fortunate, for it included west Cornwall and St Ives which was a flourishing arts centre in those days."

In 1957 two things crystallized in his life: he joined the Courtauld Institute, where he was to teach and write for the next 20 years; and he married Sarah Hepworth-Nicholson, triplet daughter of those reigning monarchs of St Ives artists' community, Barbara Hepworth and Ben Nicholson. Life was now that of a teacher with academic terms, and a holiday home in St Ives where his

familiarity with and understanding of modern painting flourished. "You find from time to time, in any country, places where artists congregate. Cornwall was popular partly because of the light and partly because it was easy to adapt fishermen's lofts into artists' studios. It was very exciting in the 50s. There was a group of young painters in their late 30s there: Peter Lanyon, Patrick Heron, Terry Frost, William Scott, Roger Hilton, even, later on, Peter Blake and Joe Tilson. It was a very agreeable artistic community. I knew them on sufficiently intimate terms to be able to visit them in their studios, which I always liked doing very much. And I was obviously useful to them, too, because I would write, with great pleasure, about their work. St Ives stood for a way of making an abstract painting using elements of landscape. In the late 50s there was a reaction against it. Pop art emerged as a very urban art." But Alan Bowness had not been so closely identified with St Ives painters that he could not also get on with those of the next, his own, generation: Alan Jones, Ron Kitaj, Richard Smith, Robyn Denny. "I don't know them very well, but I've known them a long time."

The Bowness family still have a home in St Ives as well as their London home in Barnes. But the move to the Tate will curtail those long, working

holidays. "Down there in the summer I usually work in the mornings, two or three hours writing, then take the afternoon off... a perfect pattern." That is about, as much time off as he allows himself. "I think for people who have completely absorbing jobs, there's really no need for holidays as such. I've never spent a week on the beaches of Spain. I would just be very, very bored."

We talked in the director's office at the Tate, with its full-length window over the portico. He has only recently moved in and the room does not yet bear his stamp. "I plan to hang the new acquisitions here, as they come in and we prepare to hang them." He is an unburied, neat person, with a scholar's sense. But behind the quiet smile I sense huge excitement at his new appointment. He treats lightly on his feet as though the whole dream might vanish. For it is a dream fulfilled. "Oh, exciting? Yes, very! For me, having been for so long talking about this art, now to have the opportunity to start building a collection—it's the one thing I haven't ever done. Now my professional judgment will be put to the test."

Having grown up with art of the 50s and 60s how does he view today's painting? "I can't say for sure but I think we're in a trough at the moment. Things are not happening as they did in the 50s and 60s when there was a great

deal of new thinking about painting, a time of the great development of abstract art, and of figurative art, too. Now we're in a period of self-questioning about what art should be. You see this in the number of artists and critics concerned with the social purpose of art. You only get that when art is at a low level. If the creative impulse is strong, somehow it doesn't happen. One no bothered 20 years ago about the social role of art. But the great thing is that one cannot be sure what's going to happen next. At the Tate I shall be making an objective judgment about what the collection needs. It will probably lead me to buy more figurative paintings."

As a purchaser, the financial value of works of art affects him for the first time. "As a teacher I was absolutely not concerned with it. As a museum director I clearly am. It's a pity that financial values have to be attached to works of art: they are not attached to works of music or works of poetry... but art is a commodity and I have a responsibility to spend the taxpayers' money wisely. But I would want to acquire art regardless of its value, because it was sufficiently beautiful or sufficiently important historically." Soon we shall see his judgment in action. The Tate acquires on average four or five new works each month. Watch that space for changes ●

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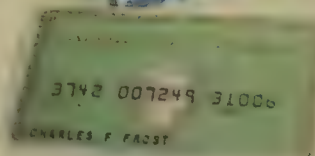


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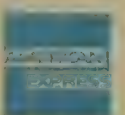


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A museum for the space age

by Sam Smith

The National Air and Space Museum in Washington is out to grab your attention even when it is closed. And once you are inside, the author found, you do not so much look at the exhibits as experience the past. This is a museum that succeeds in being different—without taking itself too seriously.

Photographs by Peter Howe.



The interior of the National Air and Space Museum in Washington.

By early evening most museums have closed their doors, sealing the past as in a sepulchre until the next day. But the National Air and Space Museum in Washington is not like that. It indicated months before it opened that this was to be a different type of museum.

Seven cubes, alternating marble and glass, squatted at the foot of Capitol Hill, stretching 685 feet. On the Mall side three glass boxes rose six stories; the four in marble still higher. When you drove past at night you could see in the glow of bronze-tinted panes what appeared to be an air force of eclectic vintage assembled by a small republic of extensive ambition and limited budget. The first impression was that you were peering into a busy hangar, but that was wrong because some of the craft were already airborne, about to burst forth and buzz the Capitol were it not for some fierce headwind that kept them immobilized.

When the museum did open, in July, 1976, it again announced its difference. The President of the United States

was there for the obligatory ribbon-cutting, but the act was accomplished, in silent testimony to the fading importance of mere terrestrial power, by a signal from a spacecraft millions of miles away.

If the town ignored this piece of technological braggadocio it did not fail to notice something else. Washington had become cynically accustomed to federal buildings taking months or years longer than they should to be constructed, and costing at least twice the original estimate. This newest structure opened three days early and returned to the public coffers \$500,000 in unexpended construction funds.

When, less than a month later, the millionth visitor walked into the building it was clear that Washington, in the wake of Vietnam, Watergate and other blows to its collective psyche, had finally managed to do something right. Today, 35 million visitors later, the museum remains one of the most

popular in the world.

Remarkably, most of those mainly responsible for this feat had for much of their lives no curatorial ambitions. The first director, Michael Collins, was the astronaut who drove the getaway capsule while two colleagues made the first assault on the moon. The deputy director, Melvin Zisfein, was formerly chief of Bell Aircraft's dynamics department. The head of presentations, Von Del Chamberlain, is an astronomer. The present director, Noel Hinners, came from the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, where he was associate administrator for space science. Other top jobs were taken by an ex-test pilot and an aeronautical engineer who had flown fighter planes in China during the Second World War. The notable exception to the second-career leadership of the museum was Paul E. Garber, who was at the Smithsonian, mother institution of the National Air and Space

Museum, for a long time. He is now 80 and is historian emeritus, but he started at the Smithsonian in 1920, spending much of the intervening years making an air and space museum possible—collecting, scrounging, saving, researching, preserving, lobbying. But even Garber did not have traditional museum training. He moved to the Smithsonian from the Post Office Department's then brand-new Air Mail Service.

As I walked into Garber's office I noticed an elegant Empire roll-top desk. "This must be one of the oldest things in the museum," I said. "Yes," he chuckled, "and so am I."

It is a point you might miss at first glance. It did not strike me until about my fifth visit when I took my in-laws, both in their mid-70s, into the entrance hall, which is 115 feet by 124 feet. There, poised like mortars protecting the exhibits, were the Friendship 7 spacecraft in which John Glenn first orbited the earth in 1962 and the Gemini 4 capsule used for the first US space walk in 1965. These

A museum for the space age

devices (the largest only 11 feet long and less than 8 feet in diameter) guard the Wright Flyer, 605 pounds of spruce and unbleached muslin which the brothers Orville and Wilbur kept aloft for 59 seconds at 31 miles per hour in 1903. Here, roughly, was spanned the history of practical flight—and it had all happened in my in-laws' lifetime.

Even for those much younger, the exhibits pique more than intellectual curiosity in the past; many of them are no more distant than our memories. The father in his 50s can show his children the P-51 he remembers from the Second World War, and most Americans over 30 can remember where they viewed the television shots of the moon landing. That is there, too, already ten years old, recalled by a video display constantly replaying that extraordinary moment and a collection of newspaper front pages from around the world, that remind us how truly excited we were when what *The Times* described as that "fragile lunar bug" let us land somewhere other than earth for the first time.

The central gallery, like the two other main rooms, rises 62 feet above you. The tinted glass and more than 100 translucent skylights honey-combed across the ceiling provide an illumination which, along with the expansiveness, conceals the fact that you are sharing this experience with thousands of others. The building is supported by a system of steel tubular trusses similar to that used in aircraft design. This not only keeps the massive structure from becoming ponderous but serves the immensely practical purpose of permitting exhibits—like a 25,000-pound DC-3—to be hung at will from horizontal members. The marble part of the exterior is very thin, just a curtain on the steel supports. Inside, the architect, Gyo Obata, has wasted not an inch on pretentious monumentality. The exhibits become the monuments.

The main galleries comprise a huge triptych. Moving left from the entrance on the Mall you find the Space Hall. Here huge artifacts of the space age stand like a multi-coloured futuristic Stonehenge: some of the rockets are so large that a 15 foot pit had to be sunk into the floor to house them in a vertical stance. Joining them is a lunar module; Skylab, the massive space motel; and over to one side Apollo and Soyuz lie quietly together.

The other main gallery is nostalgic. A delightful array of aircraft, such as the indestructible Ford Tri-Motor and the DC-3 hang, and sit like a model-shop display blown up lifesize. But these are not models. The museum insists on the real thing whenever possible. If, as with some spacecraft, it cannot get the real thing it will settle for a back-up device, but it avoids reconstructions except when the reality no longer exists.

One of the back-up craft in the museum is the Skylab, 65 tons of space

station into which you can walk and see a dummy astronaut floating in a gravity-free environment. This huge device was carried to Washington in three pieces, reassembled outside under a giant A-frame, then hauled in through the side of the museum.

It is all there: the can of food drifting in the air just out of the reach of a hungry astronaut, the collapsible shower, the "waste management compartment" and a quibotic dart board. The main galleries can be viewed from two levels. You can stand on the ground floor, your eye directed upward to hanging exhibits by triangular pylons that helpfully provide general information on one side and technical data on another; or you can take an escalator halfway to the ceiling where you can view the craft from a balcony.

Having lent reality to what you have read about or seen on the screen, the museum then invites you back to the screen. But what a screen: five storeys high and seven storeys wide in a steeply banked auditorium. As the film begins only a small portion of the screen is filled. A 19th-century balloonist is about to take off. He says his farewells as the balloon mounts and the screen suddenly explodes into 3,700 square feet of aerial vista. The balloon views are beautiful and startling; at one point the balloon follows a river that turns into a turbulent falls. You find yourself in a barnstormer, doing loops and flying upside down. The airborne image portrayed in this film, *To Fly*, is continued more gently by *Our Living Planet*, one that takes you on a rapid tour of the world from the sky.

More than five and a quarter million people have seen *To Fly*. The films are regularly listed in the commercial film guides of Washington's daily Press, a rarity for museum performances.

Yet sheer spectacle is only a part of what the National Air and Space Museum is about. In fact, a member of the Smithsonian put it rather well: "You rarely have the feeling of spectacle except when they want you to."

Much of the museum is contained in the 20-odd galleries that line the walls of the building. Each gallery has its own curator, its own share of the 100 audiovisual displays and gimmicks in the building, and in a number of cases outside designers have been brought in to add variety and get the job done on time. The result is that the museum turns into many museums with a general evenness of quality but dramatic variation in exhibit techniques and styles.

The gallery devoted to the First World War is a life-size mock-up of a landing strip. Dummies of pilots sit around a table as a tape-recorder plays their conversation. Through a doorway you see the shadows of figures moving and hear a German flyer being interrogated. Because of cunning lighting and realistic scenery, you do not just see this exhibit, you are immersed in it.

Another dramatic and popular gallery depicts air-sea operations. You enter a room with bulkheads instead of



Above, entrance to the museum (the architects were Hellmuth, Obata and Kassabaum). Right, a model of Edward White leaving Gemini 4 for the first US space walk in 1965; his partner, James McDivitt, looks on.

walls, complete with ladders, tackle and a 6-foot-high floor-level movie screen that gives you the feeling that you are on the deck of a ship watching another vessel approach and signal you.

What you are supposed to do is to climb on to the spacious simulated bridge of an aircraft carrier for an even more realistic effect: using wide-screen film the exhibit creates the impression that aircraft are actually landing and taking off below you.

Even the more modest galleries show a loving attention to selection and effect. There is no artifact overkill here. For the Hindenburg, for example, it is enough to have a replica of the gondola, a film of the Zeppelin's bursting into flames and a wall chart comparing the size of the airship with an ocean liner and the museum itself.

The exhibit on Wiley Post has a few carefully chosen photographs, an aircraft set in front of a curving mural of a contemporary airport, his high-altitude clothing and one of the disposable landing gears he used to cut down on drag during his record-setting flights.

Elsewhere, the working of a jet engine is clearly explained in a film featuring puppets with a script by the deputy director. The film concludes, "That's jet propulsion, folks," and for the first time I grasped what it was.

It would still have been a pretty good museum if it had relied only on the spectacle; its halls would have been jammed if it had merely assembled in some orderly fashion the artifacts of flight. But there is more to it than that.

For one thing, it is a museum that has been more than half a century in the making. When Lindbergh left on his flight, Paul Garber asked the secretary of the Smithsonian to send a cablegram asking for the *Spirit of St Louis* for the institution. "The secretary, Garber recalled, replied: 'Well, he hasn't got there yet.' But I said, 'Never mind, he will get there.'" The secretary sent the cable and when



Top, the Douglas DC-3, "The most important single aircraft type in the history of air transportation"; this aeroplane flew more than 56,000 hours making its last trip in 1952. Centre, one of 12 lunar modules built for the moon-landing programme. Above, four US rockets rise from a 15 foot pit; they are the Vanguard, Jupiter C (of the type that put the first US satellite into space), Minuteman III and Scout D.

A museum for the space age

Lindbergh arrived at Bolling Field after his triumphant visit to American cities. Garber was there. Lindbergh commented: "Paul, here she is."

The Wright *Flyer* was harder to come by. Orville Wright had been angered by a Smithsonian exhibit that credited an earlier craft with "the capability of flight". As a result his aircraft was lent for many years to the Science Museum in South Kensington. After the war the Smithsonian finally got the plane, but not before admitting it had been misinformed about the other craft and not without a stipulation that if any other plane is given credit for the first flight the Wright *Flyer* reverts to the family estate.

On another occasion Garber rescued one notable aircraft as it was on its way to the junk heap. Some aircraft were exhibited in the mouldy old Arts and Industry building of the Smithsonian; when space ran out a First World War hangar was erected near by. Out at Silver Hill, Maryland, Garber found 21 acres for use as a storage area. He got Army engineers to help with land clearing, a private contractor to donate surplus cement, the Air Force to help to pave the roadway and the Navy to assist in buying prefabricated buildings.

But there was little in the way of funds, interest or facilities for the proper care of these aircraft. Dust and rust accumulated on the stored planes. Then came the Korean war, when, says Garber, "you couldn't even get a pencil for a museum."

The Smithsonian was a logical repository for the artifacts of flight. Its first secretary convinced Lincoln of the military value of balloons; its third secretary, Samuel P. Langley, himself narrowly missed being the father of flight. He had successfully launched unmanned steam "aerodromes" from a catapult in the Potomac river seven years before Kitty Hawk, but his two manned efforts aborted, one two months and the other nine days before the Wrights took off.

By the 1960s, however, the Smithsonian had become less air-minded. At one point its leadership even suggested dumping the air and space craft into a Civil War government building that was elegant but totally inappropriate. The whole idea might have died had it not been for the tenacity of congressional air buffs like Barry Goldwater (a flyer himself) and Jennings Randolph. Money was finally appropriated, Mike Collins was installed as director and Garber's dream finally came true. But his reaction was: "It's too small."

The dream had been achieved through constant pressure from those who not only loved aviation and space, but who were professionally, politically or economically involved in it. This helps to explain, perhaps, the museum's most glaring weakness: its failure to deal frankly with flight as an instru-

ment of accidental or intentional destruction. The museum, which despite its considerable military-industrial involvement manages to avoid making explicit propaganda, achieves something of the same result by omitting and minimizing. In a gallery devoted to the social impacts of flight a small display on bombing says: "The death and destruction that aerial bombing inflicted on mankind in World War II are grim reminders that the effects of aviation are not all beneficial." It adds: "Because of flight, war between the major powers may well be unthinkable—the uneasy peace of the Sword of Damocles." With this glib vision you move swiftly on to a jukebox playing Frank Sinatra's "Come Fly With Me".

Similarly, while the First World War exhibit (now safely old history) is dramatic and evocative, the Second World War gallery is primarily a collection of aircraft, popular with aviation veterans but uninformative. Even given an opportunity to say something positive about military aviation, the museum relegates the Battle of Britain to a small, homely plaque designed by an RAF pilot to commemorate the seven American flyers who took part in the battle. But then, to depict the Battle of Britain you would also have to deal with Hiroshima and the role of aviation in Vietnam.

There is another aspect that is largely missing: accidental failure. The director, Noel Hinners, wants to do something about this. Hinners says the museum should deal with failure to make the point that "life is not risk-free" and that "technology cannot predict everything".

Not only are aircraft crashes given the once-over-lightly treatment but the true courage of flight pioneers is diminished by a lack of recognition of the dangers they faced. Youngsters, especially, need to know that Lindbergh did not have a command centre in Houston, Texas, to back him up. He did not even have a radio. He travelled a fraction of an astronaut's journey, but it was, in many ways, a riskier trip.

Perhaps this shying away from the problems that flight creates, however, is merely the flip side of a positive aspect—what the astronautics director, Frederick Durant, refers to as "the thread of romance", that peculiar combination of pragmatism and fantasizing that is so ingenuously expressed in the museum. What other serious national museum would devote space to a display of Buck Rogers memorabilia, design a model of a space capsule along the lines of Jules Verne's imagination, or hang a studio model of the spacecraft used in the television series *Star Trek*, all without a hint of patronization?

While some sciences and technologies eschew speculative leaps, the Air and Space Museum is not afraid of them. In *To Fly*, in the excellent show of the museum's planetarium and in several other places the museum

suggests strongly that we may not be alone in space. The presentations director, Von Del Chamberlain, sits at his desk and says mildly: "The predominant feeling of astronomers and exobiologists is that there must be life out there. There is nothing to suggest that there wouldn't be. Much of what we do here has a short history and a long future. There is probably not the tendency to say it's impossible."

Yet the museum is run by people whose training has emphasized precision and results. They were neither bureaucrats nor aesthetes. Michael Collins, pushing for the completion of the museum on time, was quoted as saying: "The perfect aircraft doesn't ever get to fly. It just sits in the hangar and gets modified."

It is, Zisfein emphasized, a museum of technology and not of science. The difference was well stated by someone who pointed out that 90 per cent of the science needed to get to the moon was known by 1900, and 95 per cent was known by the end of the Second World War. What was missing was the technology.

The aviation-engineering heritage has produced a rarity: a museum that does what it sets out to do. While the National Gallery of Art's new East Wing has received international critical fawning it is really a pretentious design concealing a modest purpose. At the National Air and Space Museum form and function are companions. While another Smithsonian museum director disdains even allowing tape-recorded tour machines within his hallowed walls, the National Air and Space Museum's 100 audio-visual devices are linked to a computerized control-room that scans the entire building five times a second and gives a warning the moment a bulb goes out or a film breaks, so a mechanic can be dispatched at once to the errand device.

Zisfein, widely credited with much of the genius in the museum design, says the big problem in museums "is not getting things fixed. The big problem is finding out when something is not working." The staff does not merely rely on machines. There is a regular schedule of inspections with written reports. Zisfein recalls with disgust a museum where the director was such an unfamiliar sight that a guard asked him for his identity card on a tour of the institution.

Besides there are still some machines that have not been built yet. One, it is clear, the museum staff would like would be a device to remove chewing gum from rugs and the undersides of displays. NASM spent \$15,000 last year on this task.

Although the National Air and Space Museum displays technology and is itself a beneficiary of that technology, there seems little doubt that an important part of its appeal is aesthetic. I asked members of the staff whether they ever thought of their institution as an art museum. Generally, they referred me to their unimpressive art gallery. But director Hinners caught my drift:

"To many of us, internally, airplanes and rockets—they're beautiful. You don't look at them as pieces of metal, but as a culmination of a challenge to do something."

Walter Hopps, who has been an art museum director and curator told me that the museum has "more aesthetic appeal to most people than most art museums do for most people. I think there is something very atavistic about it. One of the root themes in art is quest—exploration." The Washington artist Lou Stovall, who calls the National Air and Space "the best museum in the world", says: "Man's flights of fancy were expressed in art in the Renaissance. 20th-century man expresses them in technology." And a museum exhibit carries this quote from Albert Einstein: "The most beautiful experience we can have is the mysterious. It is the fundamental emotion which stands at the cradle of true art and true science."

Another implicit appeal of the museum is the spirit of the child that flows through it. To the flyer and the engineer planes and rockets are not merely machines; they are toys as well. It is not denied. A serious scientist like director Hinners told me: "There is nothing more stultifying than being pushed into the common conception of adulthood. If enthusiasm, hopes and dreams are associated with childhood I hope we never grow out of it."

Thus we find Paul Garber organizing an immensely popular kite-flying festival on the Mall under the auspices of the Smithsonian. And at one end of the museum there are serious displays on the recreational uses of flight: sky diving, soaring, ballooning, boomerangs, models, kites—and all done with the same respect as the grander exhibits. An original flying disc, a pie tin from the Frisbee Pie Company of Bridgeport, Connecticut, is accompanied by the legend: "Flown upside down, the tins were not as stable as modern plastic discs and their flights were highly unpredictable, but they did fly." I mentioned Frisbees to Zisfein. He ducked into his anteroom, produced one, gave me a short lecture on its aerodynamic features and said they needed to be studied more. And when I requested some data on the DC-3, a member of the staff opened a drawer and there filed under "D" were not only sheaves of paper but a model kit for a Douglas M-2 mail plane.

Some, I suppose, would shy away from the museum because they do not care about planes or rockets, are afraid of maths, bored by engineering or indifferent to technology. This is unfortunate. There are many of us who are content to be mere consumers of science and technology; many of us were educated before these disciplines engulfed our lives. We are truly illiterate immigrants to a new land of science and technology. We can either rely on our children to translate for us or we can try to catch up. The National Air and Space Museum makes the latter choice easier.

Albury

by E. R. Chamberlin

Continuing our series of articles on places with literary associations the author visits the village of Albury in Surrey where Martin Tupper, the Victorian writer who achieved instant acclaim with the publication of *Proverbial Philosophy* in 1838, resided for more than 40 years. Photographs by Dudley Reed.

The large houses in their lush grounds have the enigmatic single-word names beloved of rural suburbia: Peregrines, Strangeways, Trunch. Through the massed laurels and rhododendrons there is the occasional turquoise glitter of swimming pools, glimpses of emerald, shaven lawns, of tennis courts and barbecue pits. For this is one of the hunting grounds of the social satirist, known variously as the Stockbroker Belt, Commuter Country, Jaguar Country, Sin and Gin Belt—in a word, rural Surrey within reach of London.

But the satirists necessarily tell only half the story: this is, in fact, an ancient and resilient land. Across it snakes one of the oldest roads in the world, the neolithic trackway popularly called the Pilgrims' Way. The steep, winding, narrow lanes that descend from it form green tunnels, over-arched by enormous trees. The shape of the villages they serve remains essentially unchanged, being contained by the strong topography of the Surrey Hills.

One of these villages is Albury. Although a small place, it has three quite large churches. The biggest is the present parish church, a red-brick building dating from 1840 and the epitome of dull respectability. Half a mile away is its companion, the Irvingite church, built at the same time but in a livelier style, probably with the assistance of Pugin. And buried deep in the woods another half mile or so away is the true parish church of the village, an ancient Saxon building that was totally derelict 20 years ago but has been restored and is becoming, imperceptibly but certainly, again a focus of the community. In front of the church is a burial vault, bearing the inscription "The Vault of Martin F. Tupper". He does not, in fact, lie here but in the churchyard of the dully respectable church. All three churches are connected and relate to the empty burial vault in the Saxon building.

Martin Farquhar Tupper. Scarcely a handful of people in the village know the name, even though it has been granted the immortality of becoming a verb and adjective. "Tupperian: of, belonging to the style of Martin F. Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy* (1838-42)", the *Oxford English Dictionary*

(1933) announces magisterially. But should the reader think that this is a compliment the Dictionary hastens to correct the impression with an anthology of sneers. The Reverend Baring-Gould wrote, "Truth must be tupperish—allow me the word—or public opinion will not tolerate it." *The Observer* of 1870 pontificates "Tupperising in deer-skin breeches is not an intellectual frolic that we can contemplate with patience."

And so on. "To tupperise—to make banal, commonplace": that is the sole literary memorial of the man who from the 1840s to the 1860s was a literary lion of the first rank. Gladstone regarded him as an intellectual equal; Carlyle, that formidable eater of pretentious reputations, accepted him; Queen Victoria received him; Prince Albert flattered him. He was regarded as a serious contender, rivalling Tennyson, for the Poet Laureateship. At least a quarter of a million middle-class households boasted a copy of *Proverbial Philosophy*. In America they pirated the book by the tens of thousands: about a million and a quarter copies were sold and, though Tupper made little money from them because of the absence of copyright, his reputation as a Prophet from the West rocketed.

Martin Tupper was born in 1810 into the solid upper-middle class and, following the traditions of that class, in due course went up to Oxford. He wanted passionately to enter the Church—at Oxford, indeed, he beat his friend Gladstone in a competition for a theological prize—but a bad stammer made that impossible and he perforce contented himself with becoming a lawyer. The book that was to make his fame came into being almost accidentally. Just before going up to Oxford in 1832 he sent to his future wife, Isabella, something he called "Notions on the holy estate of marriage for her especial use and behoof". They were cast in the forms of the Proverbs of Solomon and, reading them, it is easy to see the frustrated ecclesiastic pouring out his soul:

"Seek a good wife of thy God for she is the best gift of his providence
Yet ask not in bold confidence that which he hath not promised..."



For line upon line and page after effortless page the Notions continue, touching on love, marriage, friendship, education, all conveyed in the stately pseudo-Biblical cadences which were to be the key to their fantastic success. For these Notions formed the nucleus of *Proverbial Philosophy*. He published them as a small edition in 1838 and though the book was kindly, rather than ecstatically, received, it gave him the confidence to go on publishing. In that same year the young Victoria was crowned. Tupper promptly presented her with a copy of the book, she graciously accepted and he followed up his advantage with a Coronation Ode, the first of a series of such effusions with which he was to mark national events for over 50 years. Other poems and ballads followed until, in 1842, he brought out a second, expanded edition of his proverbs.

It was an immediate and total success. Today it is only too easy to dismiss the book: the mannered style, the pseudo-archaic language, the constant moralizing, the constant nudging, as the author draws attention to his erudition, jar and eventually pall. But it was exactly what the public wanted, the literary equivalent of Victorian Gothic, the manner in which people expected moral earnestness to be expressed. And moral earnestness was a growth industry. Tupper was to write some 40 other books, some very popular, but *Proverbial Philosophy* outclassed them all, earning its author some £800 a year and enabling him to indulge the traditional English desire of setting up as a country gentleman.

He had known Albury since childhood. His family, indeed, possessed a country house there and this was to be his home for the next 40 years. The house is still in existence, a charming, rambling, gabled building with the little Tillingbourne stream at its feet and a gentle hill behind. In 1968, after some years of neglect, it was restored, and the firm of consultant engineers which now occupies it is at some pains to maintain its exterior exactly as Tupper would have known it.

It was in this house that visitors from all over the world were entertained, and here that he brought up his

large family. It was in the churchyard of the Saxon church that his two-year-old daughter was buried—Nathaniel Hawthorne saw the statue of the little girl and was deeply moved by it. And it was in Albury churchyard that Tupper planned to lie, incising his name upon that vault in readiness.

His plans were frustrated by the squire of Albury, the wealthy banker and MP Henry Drummond whom Carlyle described as "a singular mixture of all things—of the saint, the wit, the philosopher, swimming—if I mistake not—in an element of dandyism". Drummond lived in the great house called Albury Park, in whose grounds lay both the Saxon church and the original village of Albury until the villagers were driven farther afield by the owners of the Park. Drummond, too, was a despot—but a benevolent despot. He was also one of the founders of the Irvingite Church. It was he who built the pretty Irvingite church and, wanting finally to close the Park to the villagers, offered to build a new parish church elsewhere if the old could be closed. Tupper threw himself into the battle. His child was buried there, he declared, and he claimed the right of burial there himself. "He can come and be buried just as soon as he likes," was Drummond's sardonic response.

Tupper lost that battle but it marked for him the beginning of a deep interest in local history, and in the antiquarianism which swept Britain in the late 19th century. One of his more bizarre experiments was the growing of "mummy wheat" from grain supposedly originating from a pharaoh's tomb. He was very much a man of his time, as fascinated by the new technologies as he was by the humanities. He wrote an "Ode to the Electric Telegraph", as well as campaigning to have King Alfred commemorated by a statue at Wantage. He founded a local rifle club as response to the threats from the Continent, pioneered the use of fountain pens...

And all the time the books and essays and poems poured out of the old house. There is a fine irony in the fact that the village which today scarcely knows his name owes

Albury

part of its fame to the historic "legends" that Tupper foisted upon it. The openly fictional details in his historic novel *Stephen Langton* (which, incidentally, is still selling locally after 114 years) are frequently cited by the unwary as facts.

The inevitable reaction against the Proverbial Philosopher set in during the 1870s when he was assailed with a barrage of vicious criticism and parody. He fought back gamely, once remarking that "vituperation" ought to be spelt with two "ps", but his income sank with his fame. In 1880 he obtained a mortgage upon his house in Albury, and then moved to Norwood where he died in 1889.

And he remained totally forgotten until 1945. In that year the writer Derek Hudson found in a bookshop 22 of Tupper's immense scrapbooks and on it founded his definitive biography. Tupper was a compulsive writer and a compulsive hoarder, and the scrapbooks presented an incredibly detailed picture both of rural and national literary life in Victorian England. They were offered to the local authority but were refused. In due course the University of Illinois acquired them, at least one centre of learning who felt that the Proverbial Philosopher deserved something more than a pejorative dictionary entry.

There are two further postscripts which would have delighted Martin Tupper. His grandson took up those Holy Orders which were denied him, and was indeed a curate of Albury. And Albury Old Church has become alive again.

This is largely the work of Maurice Burton, the eminent naturalist who came to live in Albury in 1958 and has, in effect, taken up Tupper's mantle—not as Proverbial Philosopher, certainly, but as Guardian of Albury. He founded the Albury History Society and, in 1979, established and endowed the Albury Trust. In 1974 the Redundant Churches Fund began the restoration of the Saxon church and the beautiful building is now in better shape than it has been for the past two centuries. In order to establish a relationship between the village and its mother church a service is held in it at midsummer each year. On the preceding evening the Albury History Society presents an informal Homage to Albury which begins with a reception on the lush green lawns outside the church, then moves inside for a series of readings and music. It is essentially a family affair, though people now travel for miles to take part for it is deeply moving in its simplicity. The readings begin in natural light but as the evening deepens only a few essential lights come on, and the dusk presses round, scented with the flowers that mass every corner of the church ●

The village of Albury in Surrey; and its red-brick Victorian church where Martin Tupper is buried.





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The city of York in Viking times

What sort of a place was England's Viking capital and what manner of goods did its inhabitants handle? Peter Addyman, director of York Archaeological Trust, reassesses the significance of this old metropolis in the light of excavations in progress. Objects from the Jorvik dig appear in the exhibition *The Vikings at the British Museum* until July 20.

The city of York succumbed to the attack of a Danish army in AD 866. With in full one of the great cities of contemporary Europe, and the only one in the whole of northern Britain, was placed in Viking hands. Its loss to the English must have seemed a disaster on a number of counts. York had long been the political, ecclesiastical and cultural capital of the Anglo-Saxon kingdom of Northumbria. By the mid-ninth century it was already feeling the benefits of the quickening of economic life—a resurgence of international trade and the regeneration of towns—that was a feature of Europe during that century. Clearly it was a rich place. The coin hoards concealed at the time of Viking attack, of which many have been recovered over the years, indicate there was enormous wealth within the city. Chance archaeological finds made over the years suggest there was a considerable population there. York therefore was already an exceptional place, in an England where towns were few and usually of specialised function, like the port town of Hamwich, ancestor of modern Southampton, or Ipswich, whose ninth-century importance as a centre of trade and industry has only recently become clear from rescue excavations.

York combined a number of these functions, but it was probably important to the Danish army for two main reasons. First it had a vital strategic and political position, especially when the decision came in AD 876 to establish Scandinavian colonists over much of Northumbria. Second, and perhaps more importantly, it provided a market for Scandinavian goods. England was then one of the richest countries in Europe and the possession of York opened up to Scandinavian traders a considerable part of it. For 88 years, therefore, with a 13-year interlude of English rule from 927 to 939, York was a Scandinavian city, first with Danish and then with Norwegian control. For a further century at least there was continuous Scandinavian influence and the Viking element in the city's population can be seen from the recorded personal names of inhabitants. Even at around the year 1000 one contemporary chronicler thought of it as a "city enriched by the treasure of merchants who come from all quarters, particularly from the Danes".

Archaeological evidence of this richness has long been in our hands. The collections of the Yorkshire Museum contain as many Anglo-Scandinavian objects as any in the country. However most of them were chance finds during early commercial excavations, when digging for building foundations was by hand and objects were noticed and sometimes recovered by labourers. Nowadays mechanical digging means that objects are rarely glimpsed, and larger-scale modern buildings destroy the buried remains of Viking York with unprecedented thoroughness. Controlled archaeological excavation before rebuilding is the only answer. York has been fortunate throughout the 1970s to have had a full-time archaeological rescue team at work in the city, the York Archaeological Trust. It is sustained by grants from the Department of the Environment and the local authorities. Increasingly, however, as excavation costs escalate, and as opportunities outside resources, the work has been done through the support of charitable trusts, foundations and institutions, particularly Danish and Swedish ones, and through personal donations and contributions from the public. The intense public interest in excavations in Viking York was, indeed, recently recognized by presentation to the Trust of *The Illustrated London News* Award of 1979 for the best presentation of an archaeological site to the public.

All this activity has greatly expanded and fundamentally transformed our understanding of Jorvik's role in English and Scandinavian history. First the new excavations have added to the evidence of dig in the 1950s and 1960s to suggest that the ancient defences of York, in part Roman, in part perhaps Anglo-Saxon, were thoroughly overhauled with the addition of turf ramparts and timber palisades and in places greatly extended, following the Viking capture of York. The new work has also shown the scale of the city, involving such huge resources of turf, timber and manpower, as to suggest an utter determination to hold on to York, and an ability to command, organize and control a vast workforce. There are few analogies for this kind of massive defensive work in ninth-century Scandinavia, though most of the engineers who worked on those at York may have known the defences of the great



trading town of Hedeby at the neck of Jutland, fortified with a huge semi-circular earthenwork and huge timber wall defence early in the ninth century. Almost certainly, too, some of them had experience, if only from the outside, of the new type of town fortification being rapidly thrown up in selected spots around the south of England by Alfred the Great in the 870s and 880s. And some undoubtedly knew the earthworks at Repton, revealed in a series of brilliant research excavations in the past two years by Professor and Mrs Martin Bidle. There are also certain similarities of the defences of a fort put up there by the Danish army in AD 873, and, outside York, the first positively identified Viking defence work in England.

The Scandinavian desire to hold York was not an idle one. In the later ninth century the city seems to have been transformed into what must have been one of the major economic growth centres in Britain, if not Europe. Evidently, as several recent excavations have suggested, a large part of the street system of central York was laid out at this time. The new streets, many bearing names of Scandinavian origin documented as early as the 11th or 12th centuries, seem to articulate with a new main road artery through the city, sweeping from Micklegate Bar down Middlegate and Bridge Street to Ouse Bridge, and then across the river Ouse to Ousegate, Pavement and the Laverthorpe entry to the city. The new line replaces a Roman main axis through the civil town and legionary fortress of Eboracum. It probably marks the replacement of the Roman bridge by a new one downstream; and it certainly marks the shift of York's commercial centre to the spur of land between the river Ouse and its tributary the Foss, more or less where it is today.

In this area of York commercial building in the past century has repeatedly revealed quantities of Anglo-Scandinavian finds, often extremely

Coppergate in York, above left, in the heart of Viking Jorvik where the York Archaeological Trust has been excavating for four years; above, the plank and post walls, 1.5m high, of several buildings at Coppergate which were removed for conservation, reconstruction and eventual museum display.

well preserved by waterlogged ground conditions. Nowadays it is an area where that renewal is rapidly taking place. One development scheme currently being promoted by the City of York would destroy up to 4 acres of the archaeology of the heart of Viking Jorvik, and there are several other smaller development proposals.

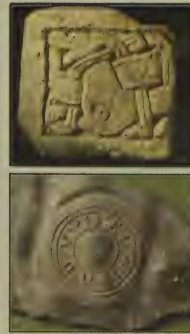
The York Archaeological Trust has so far only been able to investigate about 1/4 acre of this richest of archaeological sites, in Coppergate. But here it has traced the evolution of four of the long, narrow properties so characteristic of the heart of central York, and indeed many other northern towns and cities. The layout, with long plots running back from the street front, in this case down a steep slope to the river Foss nearby, seems to have gone back to the ninth century at least, the point in time now reached by the four-year-long excavation. There were close-set timber buildings on the street front, gable-end to the road, with post-and-wattle fences marking the division between the street-front buildings and probably shops, but behind them, set gable-end further down the plots, there were workshops, also substantially built of timber. Further still down the plots the ground was more open, with pits, some lined with wickerwork evidently for a variety of purposes: waterholes, latrines, rubbish pits and perhaps stores. There were wicker-lined or open gutters to take what must have been a considerable rainwater run-off from the tightly-packed buildings. At the rear of the plots the ground evidently



Many of the Jorvik discoveries show an excellence of design and often a wealth of ornament incorporating elements of Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian art. Top, unfinished sculptured panel of an intertwined dog-like creature typical of the Yorkshire Jelling style of art which developed in Jorvik. Centre, die impression which reads "Eadwig rex" and refers to King Eadwig, who ruled from AD 955-59. Above, artifacts discovered in a Coppergate Viking Age turnery: a wooden disc, a turner's core and an iron drill and spoon bit.

approached the edges of the Foss. Here two of the properties had additional premises, again large and substantially built of timber structures, perhaps store-houses for goods offloaded from ships on the river near by.

As excavations continue it has become evident that the four properties shifted position from time to time in the later ninth and early tenth century, but by about AD 950, its tree-ring analysis of timbers from the houses demonstrates, they settled down into positions still maintained, within a few inches, by the properties recently demolished. This permanence of site has been demonstrated in several other excavations near by. It suggests that the plot layout over much of this part of York, and thus the street and alley layout which it honours, is an artifact at least 1,000 years old: a kind of abstract evidence of Viking town planning which modern comprehensive development schemes



Top and above, the front and back of a fine bone belt end discovered at Coppergate and epitomizing the artistic skill of the craftsmen of Jorvik; the front is decorated with an original treatment of an Anglo-Saxon theme of six birds among the branches of a tree.

likely 100 or even 200 years later. It is equally likely that the development of small trading towns there, like Ribe in Denmark, or the fast-developing emporium at Hedeby near Schleswig, owed far more to the Vikings' experience of the towns of Western Europe. The long, narrow plots of Coppergate bear little relationship to the Roman buildings below, and they have little resemblance to the typical Romano-British town house or shop, the crumbling ruins of which as far as is known, some of which must have been everywhere to see in ninth-century England. Perhaps it was from the south of England that new ideas came, where the Burghal Hidage towns, the great fortified strongholds of Alfred the Great's Wessex

must have led to a ferment of town planning ideas in the later ninth century. Wherever the ideas originated they received a new expression at York and formed a model, the epitome of a town, for many a Scandinavian trader in the ensuing centuries to be copied at home, as the plans of several Scandinavian medieval towns suggest.

The Coppergate excavations have revealed far more than the town plan and plot layout. The timber buildings themselves were there, preserved up to 1.5m high, with fittings and discarded contents inside, and the collapsed brushwood insulation of the superstructure mantling everything. Tools, utensils, and the debris of industries and trades indicate what went on in the buildings. Non-local raw materials show how much the inhabitants were dependent on a large English hinterland and on trade with a wide area of Europe for their everyday requirements. Remains of comestibles, fish and animal bones, grain, fruits, nuts and the like indicate where the people of Jorvik looked for their food, and incidentally reveal unexpected aspects, for instance the overwhelming dependence of inland York on sea fish. Rhinish wine supplemented Jorvik meals, as wine jar fragments show. Rhinish millstones of lava helped grind the grain.

The microfossils (beetles, spiders, mites and human and animal parasites) and botanical remains (seeds, pollen and plant fragments) not only corroborate the evidence for various economic activities, by revealing the associated pests, but also make it possible to reconstruct the environmental conditions in and around the town. On a detailed level environmental archaeology demonstrates conditions within individual buildings, and even within specific rooms. The overall picture is of a damp, rubbish-infested timber town, giving rise to occupation layers that are up to 80 per cent organic material, and a population in which intestinal parasites were endemic.

The excavations at Coppergate, and in several other city-centre locations, indicate that Viking York was intensively occupied over perhaps 200 acres. The inhabitants, possibly 10,000 or more, were engaged in a wide variety of crafts, industries and trades. Evidently they provided a market for the produce of a large region, and in return supplied manufactured goods and imports. Metalworkers are indicated by their moulds, crucibles, by products and end-products: jewelry, pins, belt fittings, tools, keys and locks—all that was needed for the complex trades and activities of the city. Jewellers worked in amber and jet. Glass beads were produced locally, as were some of the items as far as is known, some of which must have been everywhere to see in ninth-century England. Perhaps it was from the south of England that new ideas came, where the Burghal Hidage towns, the great fortified strongholds of Alfred the Great's Wessex





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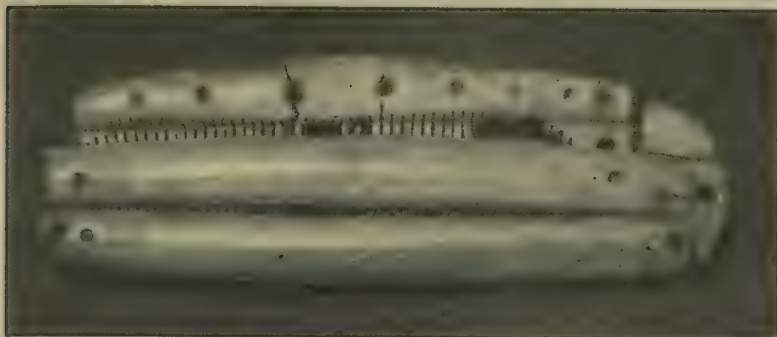
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Objects of bone and antler included this comb and comb-case, top. A Byzantine reliquary pouch of silk and wool, above, may have been lost by a tenth-century visitor to Jorvik, or brought back by a merchant or pilgrim.

comb-cases, pins and decorated belt ends. Tanners, leather craftsmen and cobblers worked in premises under the present Lloyds Bank in Pavement, a city-centre street. Cloth working also went on, the ancestor of an industry which has long since moved from York to West Yorkshire. Equipment for spinning and weaving has been found, as well as a variety of woollen and linen textiles. Even exotic imports, silk for instance, could evidently be found in York's Viking marts.

Many of York's products show an excellence of design—finely turned cups and bowls from a Coppergate wood turnery, for instance—and often a wealth of ornament incorporating elements of Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian art. It is clear, too, from the large number of contemporary sculptured stones recovered in recent York Archaeological Trust excavations, and from excavations under York Minster in the 1960s, that York was the centre of innovation and inspiration for the Yorkshire Jelling art style, found in more homely versions on cross fragments in scores of Yorkshire village churches. Other cultural influences, too, may have spread from York to the "kingdom dependent on Jorvik". The Pan pipes found recently at Coppergate, or the Hungate flute, suggest that music may have been one. Playing pieces and a fragment of a gaming board from Coppergate suggest that *tafl*, the popular Scandinavian board

game much mentioned in the sagas as a pastime of the affluent, may have been another.

With the expulsion of Erik Blood-axe, the last Norwegian king, in AD 954 the city and the north again became part of England. The region, ruled from York by the earls of Northumbria, evidently maintained Scandinavian sympathies. One earl was buried in a church dedicated to St Olaf within 20 years of the Scandinavian saint's death; and Scandinavian armies found sympathizers at York in the campaign leading to the Battle of Stamford Bridge in 1066, and in subsequent Scandinavian forays following the Norman capture of York. Nevertheless York was denied to Scandinavia as a place of trade and profit. Indeed the loss of York in 954 was probably the impetus for the development of Viking Dublin in the tenth and 11th centuries, as an alternative main trade outlet in the west for the products of the northern world.

Just as the York excavations have been revealing what was evidently a massive and premeditated expansion of the city in the late ninth century, followed by a flowering of Anglo-Scandinavian culture, so have the Wood Quay and High Street excavations in Dublin of recent years been revealing systematic development and exploitation in the tenth century, followed by the flowering of a distinctive and brilliant 11th-century Hiberno-Scandinavian tradition ●

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School buildings, 1970s-style

by Tony Aldous

Many of the attractive school buildings of the 1950s and 60s have not worn well and have proved, in energy conservation terms, unsuccessful. The author here assesses two schools, in Essex and Nottinghamshire, both built in the 1970s with economy and conservation in mind. Photographs by Richard Cooke.

The 1950s and 60s were a boom time for school building, and talented teams of architects in such counties as Nottinghamshire, Hertfordshire and London produced something very different from the red-brick, neo-classical style of the 1930s. Using new materials and pre-fabrication techniques (notably CLASP—Consortium for Local Authorities' Special Programme—developed by Donald Gibson as Nottinghamshire's county architect) they built schools that were bright, colourful, generally welcoming rather than intimidating, that included many new facilities, yet maintained reasonable standards of teaching space. All this they did relatively cheaply.

But they also had their faults. Under pressure of successive budgetary squeezes, architects sometimes settled for materials and "finishes" that have not worn well, some of these bright, light, functional buildings do not sit well in neighbourhoods where all the other buildings are brick and tile; others look too much like factories or office blocks; and, above all, the light-weight construction and highly glazed designs of many of these schools have performed badly in energy conservation terms in that they are expensive to heat, and too hot in summer, too cold in winter.

For these reasons, a number of education architects, including the Essex county architect's department at Chelmsford, began in the early 70s to work on school buildings that would keep all the virtues of the post-war new wave, would also have a flexibility to allow for co-operative and team teaching methods, and yet would avoid the uncomfortable and costly yo-yoing of temperature experienced in light-weight buildings with large areas of window.

Roachvale Primary School at Colchester, which won a commendation in the 1978 Royal Institute of British Architects awards, offers an interesting example of what these efforts have produced. Completed in the summer of 1977, it is a county primary school for 280 children in an area of 1970s housing on the eastern edge of the town.

At the first time of writing, the opinion about the building is that it has "real" windows—rectangles punched through

solid walls rather than strips of glazed panels above strips of opaque panels, as in CLASP and similar systems. Though Roachvale is mainly made up of prefabricated components, the wall panels are large, heavy, load-bearing units, robust enough to support the roof without any separate CLASP-type frame, but also dense enough to prevent heat from leaking rapidly in or out. The building thus cools and heats slowly, needing only a greater or lesser degree of "totting up" from the five electric heat pumps mounted on the roof. In its first year or two this sophisticated system suffered from some teething troubles, but basically it seems to be sound and economical, using the denseness of the building's construction to soak up spare heat, notably from lighting, and the children's body-heat, and then give it back as the building cools. Roofs are light but well insulated.

Roachvale consists of two basic buildings: a hall, administration and kitchen block, and a teaching block containing eight paired "teaching bases"—quiet rooms, an audio-visual room and space for practical subjects. The idea of these bases in semi-open-plan teaching spaces is now common in primary school design. It has many advantages over the traditional one classroom/one class/one teacher approach in that it makes possible co-operative or team teaching. Many teachers are still very suspicious of it, but Roachvale's head, John Lakin, believes that if properly applied it can be effective. Essex's project architect, Barry Page, tried to give flexibility by providing moveable partitions; but these, says the head, are not in practice as flexible as they were meant to be. One other unusual feature of the teaching block is the way in which, on plan, it has a "bite" taken out of each corner to provide open-air but covered play space. In the middle of the block is what was originally to have been an open courtyard, now roofed over with translucent material. It provides a useful covered space and a pleasant outlook. Mr Lakin praises the arrangement.

At the first time of writing, the opinion about the building is that it has "real" windows—rectangles punched through



playgrounds, so that muddy feet need not tramp through the building.

The second block contains a spacious 4.8 metre high hall (with a colourful mural in felt on one wall). Built on to it are two lower structures containing, respectively, the kitchen, and the school office, head teacher's room and staff room.

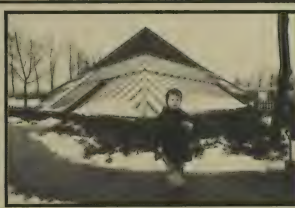
The two main blocks are linked by a light-weight entrance hall structure—essentially a roofing-over between the two buildings, with doors at either end. This arrangement has the unusual result that the entrance hall's side walls are covered in the same rough facing of Norfolk flint chippings that clad the external walls. One's first reaction is to think of children falling against it and sustaining injuries. "That was my first thought," says Mr Lakin, "but it hasn't happened."

Mr Lakin's verdict is that the building works well, though it will only be properly tested when he reaches his full complement of 260-280 children. From a visual point of view it is attractive and fits in to a well-landscaped site. The

Roachvale Primary School in Colchester, for 280 children, top, above and above right, showing the two main blocks, linked by an entrance hall structure, and the open-air but covered play space situated at each corner of the teaching block.

heat-pumps on the roof are not obtrusive. Roachvale is the kind of thoroughly civilized building that one hopes will foster civilized citizens of the future. As to its energy-saving qualities, these are being monitored by a battery of equipment in the roofed-in courtyard. School architects and others will wait for the results with interest.

An example of a rather-different kind of conservation is to be found at Berry Hill Nursery Unit in Mansfield. It is a product of that same Nottinghamshire county architect's office that pioneered CLASP, and of a county council which led the country in nursery school provision until change of political control cut the programme to nothing. The nursery unit, catering for 40 children, forms part of a group—



Berry Hill Nursery Unit in Mansfield, for 40 children, top, above and left, a wigwam-shaped building erected on the foundations of part of a 1930s open-air school.

First School (five- to nine-year-olds) and nursery—and is built on the foundations of one of the buildings of a 1930s open-air school. The architects took one of the pavilions of the open-air school (another can be seen nearby, unaltered and now serving as a store) and used it as the basis for an award-winning new building.

They kept its foundations and floor, and the four brick columns supporting its pitched tiled roof, and then extended that roof downwards to produce a larger wigwam-shaped building. The floor was resurfaced; the brick columns plastered and painted a cheerful yellow; the ceiling boarded, and natural light admitted by the insertion of a glazed strip between the old tiled roof and its downward extension; and the glazing continued downwards at the southern corner to give a semi-outdoor, bad-weather play space. Where the pitched roof ends, the vertical brick wall is pierced by porthole-like windows at child's eye level; and at this point the space under the roof is high enough for

a child but not an adult. "The children like going there because it is enclosed and comfortable," the nursery school's teacher in charge, Mrs Grace Williams, told me. Her one major reservation was that, had the building's "quiet space" been more enclosed, she could have done much more with older children, and been that much better able to handle the insecure or disturbed child. In general, she and Berry Hill's head teacher, Mrs June Whittle, are extremely pleased with this attractive, bright, functional and, at £34,500, economical building, and with the playground space, fenced along the line of an existing screen of trees. Mrs Whittle points out that children in the nursery school become familiar with the First School building only some 30 yards away from their school's entrance, and that they generally do better at later stages of their schooling as a result of their time in nursery school. She regrets the Nottinghamshire cuts that have stopped the nursery school building programme and reduced staffing ratios, and regards them as false economies.

Everyone, however, is proud of a building which won one of only seven full awards given by the RIBA in 1978—the more so since the design was largely the work of an architectural student, Karen Mellor, at that time doing her year of practical experience training with Henry Swan's Nottinghamshire architects' team, was the job architect. (She has since qualified and moved to Peterborough Development Corporation.) It may be significant that the architect who, as group leader, supervised the job, John Mitchell, has three children of his own, all at the time of the job at either primary school or play-group. How sad that Nottinghamshire no longer gives him and his colleagues the opportunity to design other nursery schools of similar quality. ■

The birth of abstraction

The Tate Gallery's first major exhibition of the 1980s is entitled "Abstraction—towards a new art": it runs until April 13. The decision to put it on at this juncture might be considered a political act. Throughout the latter part of the 1970s abstract painting was under fire. Its critics were no longer old fogies hostile to any innovation; instead, they tended to be politically and even aesthetically radical. For them abstraction had become the bastion of the new modernist academism. It offered an ivory tower into which professional aesthetes retreated, a means of ignoring society and its increasingly desperate problems.

True enough, in one of its aspects this exhibition is both a celebration and a defence of Mandarin taste. Resolutely high-brow and high-minded, it applies the classic methods of art-historical scholarship to a body of material which has been accepted, only relatively recently as worthy of the consideration of serious researchers.

However, because it is honest to the facts that scholarship has discovered, it presents a rather different view of abstraction from anything which one would find in the histories of modern art written 20 or 30 years ago. In those days the chroniclers of modern art were still obsessed with the myth of Paris. The story of modernism was for them essentially the story of how painting had been developed in France since the 1880s. Gradually other schools began to be taken into the fold. The late Camilla Gray did pioneer work on Russian Futurism, and presented her results in her magnificent book *The Great Experiment*, first published by Thames & Hudson in 1962.

Similarly, Italian Futurism was no longer dismissed as hopelessly shallow and vulgar. The founder of the movement, poet and polemicist F. T. Marinetti, was quietly forgiven for his association in later life with the Fascists. Even the brief and feeble spark of abstraction in England, fanned by the Vorticists and almost immediately snuffed out by the First World War, became the subject of intensive investigation. Richard Cork published two massive tomes on the subject in 1976.

The great flood of information released by all this research has had an inevitable effect on the shape of the show. The expected French artists are still present, together with their foreign colleagues who lived and worked in Paris. There are paintings and drawings by Braque, Picasso, Juan Gris, Léger, Delaunay, Duchamp and Jacques Vilbon. Yet even within the Ecole de Paris the emphasis has shifted slightly. There is a substantial group of work by a much less familiar artist, the Czech Frantisek Kupka, whom the organizers of the exhibition are now inclined to move to a far more central position than he has hitherto been accorded.

There are also sections devoted to Russian Rayonism, Suprematism and Constructivism, and to the Italian Futurists. Kandinsky and the artists who surrounded him in pre-war Munich are handsomely represented. So, too, are the Zurich Dadaists of the war years. But this by no means exhausts the list. Many visitors to the exhibition will be surprised to discover how ample the Dutch section is, with, as one might expect, numerous works by Mondrian. There are also many artists who are almost unknown in England. How many of us can immediately place the following: Beekman, van Rees, Bevilacqua, de Winter, Sjaalboom? You will find them all here.

The geographical and stylistic comprehensiveness of the show offers visitors an opportunity to make up their minds about what abstract painting really is. This is more difficult than one might expect. It is interesting to note, for example, how many of the works included here could, without straining, be described as figurative rather than abstract. They include all the Braques, all the Picassos, half the Delaunays, at least half the Légers and a good number of the paintings by Italian Futurists. The intention might be to demonstrate how art gradually moved away from nature into something purely autonomous. In certain sections, for example that devoted to Malevich, this is precisely the interpretation.

Yet it is essential to remember that the classic Cubism of Braque and Picasso was never, even in its Synthetic rather than its Analytical phase, an attempt to get away from reality. Rather, it was an elaborate and systematic way of trying to depict external reality with greater complexities than ever before. The coding became so sophisticated and complicated that eventually it got in the way of the artists' professed intention, but they never abandoned that intention altogether. Now that we have become accustomed to Cubist conventions the reality of what they painted emerges strikingly. Each succeeding generation of gallery visitors finds it easier to recognize Cubist subject-matter without needing to be offered some clue to break the code.

This makes the point that so-called abstraction often has a symbiotic relationship with conventional naturalism. A naturalistic picture—a still-life of apples by Courbet, say—is just as much the product of an encoding process as a bottle, guitar and pipe by Braque or Picasso. We recognize that these shapes in two dimensions translate something which actually exists in three. Naturalistic painting tries to make the transition as smooth as possible. Abstract painting, on the other hand, tends to stress the fact that the code exists. It has another commonly occurring element as well, less promi-

ent in Cubism than in some other kinds of abstraction from the motif. This is a tendency to emphasize the general rather than the particular, to search for rhythmic correspondences and formal echoes, to play down the attempt to differentiate surfaces according to the substance which the thing represented is actually made of.

Modern art has taught us to recognize this tendency in much earlier masters. Our contemporary fascination with the art of Nicolas Poussin is based largely on the fact that in his paintings abstract relationships of form play so powerful a part, while at the same time he tends to reduce all textures to one, to make no differentiation, except by a change of hue, between flesh or stone.

The Modern Movement did, however, introduce certain totally new ideas into the visual arts. One of the most important of these was the notion of simultaneity. It was only with the invention of simultaneous photography in the 19th century that artists began to see the possibility of showing several successive phases of movement in a single composition. The Italian Futurists took up the notion of simultaneity in a relatively simple-minded way. For them it was a way of conveying the speed and transience of modern life. The Cubists were more subtle. What fascinated them was the idea of rendering simultaneous perceptions of an object seen at the same time from a multitude of different viewpoints.

By introducing the concept of time into an art form which had hitherto found almost no way of expressing it, except by symbolic or allegorical means, modern painters disturbed traditional attitudes towards art and forced spectators to rationalize and intellectualize their reactions in a far more self-conscious way.

True abstraction, that which makes no reference at all to objects (a good example is the mature work of Mondrian, now that we have become accustomed to Cubist conventions the reality of what they painted emerges strikingly. Each succeeding generation of gallery visitors finds it easier to recognize Cubist subject-matter without needing to be offered some clue to break the code.

It has sometimes been claimed that abstract art is more direct than its figurative rival, and that it is abstraction rather than figuration which speaks a truly universal language, accessible to all matter what culture one has been brought up in. This is true, but only to a limited extent. One can make a comparison with higher mathematics:

mathematicians who have no spoken or written tongue in common can nevertheless communicate with fair ease, at least where their own subject is concerned, through the use of equations and standard mathematical symbols. But their communication excludes even compatriots if these are not trained in mathematics.

Partisans of the abstract wing of modernism have often wondered why this kind of art has never completed what seems to them a natural and inevitable conquest—why the public, even when it professes an interest in art, remains so stubbornly sceptical. Historically speaking, abstract art is thoroughly established. But in establishing itself it has alienated a large section of its potential audience. The explanation is simple: it is not that abstract art is a deliberate swindle perpetrated upon a gullible public; it is not that a consumer society makes philistines of many of those who belong to it; it is that the generalizing faculty I have been describing is not granted to all.

The pictures chosen for "Abstraction—towards a new art" do, however, prove that at its beginnings abstract art had a deliberately hermetic element. It is surprising to notice how many of the pioneer abstractionists were at one time or another interested in the theory of Madame Blavatsky. Even Mondrian, later the prophet of the matter-of-fact, was for a time attracted towards this. The conflict between the impulse towards mysticism on the one hand and an objective and scientific



Above left, *Eight Red Rectangles* (1915) by Kasimir Malevich, 22½ x 19 ins; above, *Study for Figure in Two Colours* (1911-12) by Frantisek Kupka, 19½ x 25½ ins; left, *The City* (1911) by Robert Delaunay, 57½ x 44½ ins.

approach towards art on the other is most clearly seen in Russia, in the controversies between Malevich and his rivals, the Constructivists. Malevich's Suprematist compositions express a yearning for some kind of mystical beyond. The work of the Constructivists, often superficially very similar, is meant to be simply an exploration, undertaken in a completely detached and rational way, of the possibilities offered by colour and shape.

The history of Constructivism presents another problem—the fact that certain kinds of abstract painting tend inevitably to abolish the distinction between the fine arts and design or decorative art. The Constructivists envisaged the eventual abolition of easel-painting, which seemed to them an irrelevant activity in the new collective society. The function of the artist, as they saw it, would be to go into the world and transform the environment according to new and more rational principles.

"Abstraction—towards a new art" is only the first chapter in a story which is still continuing. There are certain kinds of abstract painting which are not represented, simply because they had not as yet been thought of. The most important of these is gestural abstraction—the free, swirling use of paint

which was characteristic of the American Abstract Expressionism of the 40s and 50s. In this first phase painters had not as yet seized on the idea that the act of making a painting could be a direct plunge into the mysterious psyche, though they had already grasped the principle that it could be a reflection of a purely subjective state. Essentially, however, the possibilities and the risks of abstract art are already fully apparent.

Many of these risks and possibilities can be related to a new concept—that of the work of art as an object in its own right, not so much non-referential as referring to what took place within the boundaries of the composition and ignoring everything outside it. Abstraction does not abolish content altogether, but it restricts it severely and deliberately. Its major topic is art itself. Art is certainly the only subject upon which abstraction can be specific.

Like so many other things in modern art, abstract painting is a late offshoot of Symbolism, and in this sense one can see why it has remained ineradicably "special" even when its practitioners have tried to adapt it to other and more popular purposes; even when they have professed the very opposite of elitist political aims.

Above all, most abstract painting is obsessed with the idea of perfect order, perfect harmony. It is interesting and chastening to observe both how near and how far the leaders of the Modern Movement came to creating it.



The dedicated counsel

by Derek Hudson

In the centenary year of Edward Kenealy's death the author recalls the eminent counsel and brilliant orator whose downfall began when he failed in defending the Tichborne claimant.

Years ago, when writing about Lewis Carroll, I came across a note of his to Francis Paget which puzzled me. "Ah! we dread an ugly knave!" he wrote: "There! I thought it out last night after getting into bed. It is a correct anagram for 'Edward Vaughan Kenealy'." Why was Carroll so pleased at contriving this curious anagram of the man who was leading counsel for the Tichborne claimant in 1873, and who was disbarred in 1874 "for his violent conduct of the case"? Having tentatively dated Carroll's letter to 1873-74, I thought no more of Kenealy until one day I wandered by chance into the wind-swept churchyard at Hangleton, Sussex, on the cliffs west of Brighton, and found his name on one of the graves. He had died a century ago on April 16, 1880, aged 60.

Photographs in Kenealy's biography, written by his suffragette daughter Arabella, show a combative, obstinate Irish face, culminating latterly in one of those woolly Victorian beards. Kenealy's daughter said of him: "He was not, I suppose, a handsome man, although his look of energy and of power of will and brain made him ever a man to be remarked." His imperious quality may have derived from his mother, Katherine Vaughan, a direct descendant of King Edward III; he was also descended from the rakish Restoration poet Lord Rochester. It was an explosive mixture making for hot temper and recklessness.

Burdened though he was by this inheritance, Kenealy possessed exceptional intellect and a puritan integrity. He was an LLD of Trinity College, Dublin, distinguished as a classical scholar, and sufficiently familiar with 13 languages, said his daughter, to have written "charming verses" in them all. Kenealy was born in Cork in 1819.

But despite facility of utterance, religious feeling and high principles, Kenealy never looked like rivaling Martin Tupper as the early Victorian best-selling poet. His obscure theological works were even more unreadable than his verse, and the many hours he spent in libraries seem to posterity to have been largely wasted. He would not be remembered if, after a tongue-tied youth, he had not suddenly found his voice and become a compelling orator and advocate.

Kenealy was called to the English Bar in 1847, but was nearly disbarred in 1850 when he was sentenced to a month's imprisonment for chastizing a boy of six "with undue severity".

I doubt whether the full truth of this mysterious episode could be established today, but the shock may have persuaded Kenealy that it was time to settle down. He called the year 1850 "a

very bitter one". The following year was happy for him. In 1851 he met and married Elizabeth Nicklin, a pretty girl of 16, by whom he had 11 or, according to one count, 12 children. Kenealy was not a man for half-measures.

Marriage increased Kenealy's incentive to succeed at the Bar. He was soon employed in some of the most important criminal and common law cases of the century, and he was at the summit of his profession on that fatal day in March, 1873, when he had his first conference with the Tichborne claimant and accepted the brief for his defence. Well known as the champion of forlorn causes, it was said of Kenealy: "If anyone can get us off, Kenealy will."

Kenealy had first seen the vast form of Sir Roger Tichborne, as he claimed to be—or Arthur Orton, as the law found him—two years earlier, when the claimant's civil action for recovery and legal ownership of the Tichborne estate was heard in Westminster Hall. He then weighed 27 stone and seemed to Kenealy "a mere mountain of flesh", but he noted "an appearance of deep anxiety and of utter weariness on his face". Though the claimant called 80 witnesses, the jury decided against him and he was committed for trial on charges of forgery and perjury.

The claimant had been introduced to Kenealy by Lord Rivers, one of his principal supporters, and after Kenealy had studied his large client closely and had desperately tried to master in a few weeks the cartload of papers delivered at his chambers, he was well on his way to the conclusion he expressed after the case: "If the claimant be an impostor—be Orton—he most thoroughly deceived his Counsel: for in my mind I need not tell you there is no doubt he is the genuine man."

Strangely different did the claimant seem to Kenealy from the degraded leut Orton was supposed to have been in Australia. And it counted greatly with Kenealy, as with many others, that though the rest of the family disagreed Lady Tichborne had accepted the claimant (despite his size) as her long-lost slender son. To quote a contemporary versifier:

"Should the rest of the world think the Claimant a dodger,
Lady Tichborne declared him her dear son, Sir Roger."

This handsome old lady, difficult, half-French, illegitimate, did not get on with her in-laws; there was an element of wishful thinking in her decision. Yet it was a disaster for the claimant when she died suddenly in 1868 before she could testify in court. No longer could he write his frequent letters to "My dear Mamma". Her financial support ceased. The claimant had to resort to

expedients such as the notorious Tichborne bonds, which promised to pay the holder £100 within a month of his getting possession of his estates. These bonds were hawked around like lottery tickets and brought in £40,000.

The amazing ignorance of things he should have known, or might easily have informed himself about, displayed by the claimant in his first trial paradoxically made it difficult for many people to believe he could be a fraud. For he had apparently taken no trouble to prepare himself, and seemed profoundly bored with his own claim. Questioned about his alleged Stonyhurst education, he said he had studied Greek but "did not know" whether he had been taught the Greek alphabet. He supposed Caesar to have been a Greek writer. And much more of the same kind. The Solicitor-General's favourite question to the claimant—"Would it surprise you to know?"—became a byword in London society.

After the committal to Newgate in April, 1872, there was an upsurge of popular sympathy for the claimant comparable to that shown years earlier for Queen Caroline. A Protestant prejudice against the Catholic Tichbornes contributed to this, but the claimant's geniality, his poverty, his huge size, his skill at pigeon-shooting matches, all told in his favour. In a *Punch* drawing one of his champions said: "I don't care whether he is Roger Tichborne or Arthur Orton, I don't like to see a poor man being done out of his rights."

Kenealy began the defence of his client on the criminal charge with public sympathy but under immense difficulties against five prosecuting counsel. His instructing solicitor was new to the case and underpaid. The claimant's attitude did not help: finding the long sessions tedious, he made his own clever sketches in court; he would also laugh at other people's caricatures of himself, and hand them to Kenealy in the hope that he, too, would enjoy the joke. Once he passed him a note, which Kenealy opened eagerly, only to read, "How many cows' tails reach to the moon?" Kenealy was not amused. It was understandable, though inexcusable, that the fiery Irishman grew desperate, and became ever more violent in his language. The diabetes from which he suffered was partly to blame; severe headaches plagued him, too, and he made matters worse by taking excessively long walks.

"There never was in this history of jurisprudence a case in which such an amount of imputation and invective has been used," complained Chief Justice Cockburn at the end of a trial which had lasted ten months. And sternly he censured Kenealy, convinced of "the

universal concurrence of the Bar of England". His words foretold the disbarring of Kenealy which followed.

Kenealy called the claimant "the greatest enigma the world ever saw" but, like others, had been won over by his natural good manners, his lazy affability, even by his artist's eye for a picture. When Arthur Orton (as we must call him) was sentenced, Kenealy shook his hand, saying: "Goodbye, Sir Roger, I am sorry for you." After the police moved to handcuff him, the prisoner protested: "That is not necessary, gentlemen; I know how to behave myself." And Kenealy added: "There was that about the man which moved them to desist."

The claimant had nothing but gratitude for his dedicated counsel. As for Kenealy, disgraced and disbarred, he worked ever more furiously in the claimant's interest. While his client lay in prison Kenealy established the Magna Charta Association and founded *The Englishman*, a twopenny weekly paper which he edited for six years. Both championed the claimant's cause linked with that of English liberty, and like Kenealy himself they were anti-Papist in a vigorously zany way. He produced his own edition of the trial and lectured up and down the country to enormous acclaim. For a time Kenealy became a popular hero, whose portrait appeared on vases and dinner services and whose bust was sold in the shops.

In 1875 he was invited to stand for Parliament in a by-election at Stoke-on-Trent. As the people's candidate he was elected by a majority of nearly 2,000. Finding no one to introduce him into the House, he was sworn unaccompanied, and it seems typical of his clumsiness that to sign the roll he hung his umbrella on the Speaker's mace.

Kenealy had no success when he raised the Tichborne case in the Commons. He spoke for three hours, citing some new facts, but his motion for a Royal Commission was lost by 302 votes to one. His health began to collapse. At the election of 1880 he was badly defeated at Stoke, and soon afterwards he died.

Kenealy never saw the claimant released from prison (a much slimmer man), but his death removed a main-spring of the Tichborne cause. At Hangleton, near his country home at Portslade, he rests beside the sea he loved. *The Times* wrote of a wasted and wilful life, but Douglas Woodruff, in his splendid book *The Tichborne Claimant*, is kinder: "It is his noble epitaph that he had never spared himself or counted either the odds or the cost in fighting for what he believed to be right." ●

A la japonaise

By the eighth decade of the last century the passion for things Japanese was at its height and no drawing room with any pretension to fashion was complete without crossed fans over the fireplace, blue-and-white ginger jars adorning the overmantle and Hokusai prints on the walls. Arthur Lasenby Liberty's new little shop in Regent Street attracted fashionable and artistic London with its array of oriental wares: *japonaiserie* was the in thing.

At a similar point in our own century it is all happening again. The Victoria & Albert Museum is holding an exhibition, *Japan Style*, opening on March 13, showing contemporary crafts and Liberty's are again in the picture, with a major exhibition, *Japan at Liberty*, from March 10-29. By the time the Royal Academy holds its Great Japanese Exhibition in the winter of 1981 we may well all have fans above our fireplaces again.

The merchandise at Liberty's covers a wide range, with prices from a few pence to several thousand pounds. There is some exquisite stationery, including some unique hand-printed sheets of paper in all kinds of different designs and marvellous colours—such as one bearing fans and mushrooms—and paper bookmarks in the form of little geisha ladies; there are boxes lined with the papers and books covered in them; there are three-dimensional landscape fans, papiermâché masks of fearsome or grotesque aspect, delicate porcelain bowls and vases in the form of lotus flowers, kites of many shapes and hues, and a few fragile ornaments made from gold wire, such as one depicting the crane, symbol of long life, made for wedding decorations.

We illustrate the simplest of several unique screens. The front is painted with the figure of a geisha in a mauve kimono with grey-shaded borders, sitting on a couch of scarlet. The screen's back is of red silk and the front is bordered with pink brocade.

Collectors will also find it worth looking at the lacquer. One of the finest pieces is a black lacquer lidded box decorated with a golden phoenix, its feathers inlaid with mother of pearl, a technique known as *lac burgauté*. The interior is lacquered in an exquisite golden bronze colour. Photographed with the phoenix box is another in the form of the fruit of physalis, the "Chinese lantern", one of only two boxes in this form. It is an incense container made by lacquering on fabric, and it has a gold leaf interior. These boxes come in their own specially made wooden boxes bearing the characters for "Japan at Liberty" 日本自由.

Above right, four-fold screen, red silk back, painted front, £395. Right, black lacquer box with phoenix decoration, £1,200; "Chinese lantern" lacquer box, gold leaf interior, £275.



The unluck of the Stuarts

by Robert Blake

The House of Stuart, its Rise and Fall

by Maurice Ashley
Dent, £9.95

I have never shared the romantic penchant for the House of Stewart (or Stuart as it became in the reign of James V of Scotland) which is to be found among so many authors and historians. Maurice Ashley's brisk gallop through the careers of 14 monarchs and three pretenders in 223 pages confirms this lack of enthusiasm. The Stewarts first became royal in 1371; the last pretender, "Henry IX", brother of Bonnie Prince Charlie and confusingly called "the Cardinal of York", died in 1807.

This is quite a long time. Indeed, as Mr Ashley points out, in ruling Scotland till 1714 the Stewarts had a longer run than the French Bourbons, the Spanish Hapsburgs or the Russian Romanovs. But one would be hard put to it to find a really commendable character among them.

The defects of those who ruled England as well as Scotland are familiar enough. Except for William III (if, as Mr Ashley does, one counts him as a Stuart) they were all either obstinate, extravagant, immoral, undignified, imperceptive or incompetent. James VI and I was highly intelligent, it is true, and so was his grandson Charles II, but there was little else to recommend them. Charles I was an aesthete but a political blunderer. James II was an obdurate bigot. The Old Pretender seems to have been an honourable figure though his nickname, "Old Mr Melancholy", does not suggest that his company was very inspiring. The Young Pretender was good-looking and foolish in youth, bloated with alcohol and equally foolish in middle age. All this is almost too well known.

It would be pleasant to think that the earlier Stewarts were any better. The family originally hailed from Brittany, one of its scions arriving in England early in the 12th century and settling in Monmouthshire. His name was Flaad, and his son Alan fitz Flaad became a wealthy man with property on the Welsh borders, in Norfolk and Yorkshire. Alan's third son, Walter fitz Alan, met David I of Scotland, possibly at the court of Henry I. He migrated to Scotland in about 1140 and became David's High Steward. The office was made hereditary and the fitz Alans were converted into Stewards, or Stewarts. The fifth Stewart High Steward, James, backed Robert Bruce, and his son Walter who married Bruce's daughter Marjory became one of the greatest men in Scotland. The next king was David II, child of Bruce's old age, but Walter's son was

heir presumptive and on the death of David without children succeeded as Robert II. He seems to have been popular and like many of his descendants a prolific begetter of children—13 born in wedlock and at least eight outside. He was addicted to hunting but he was an indifferent soldier. Of his son Robert III it was said that he was a "good man but in no way a good King".

There followed from 1406 a run of five Jameses, then Mary Queen of Scots and finally James VI, the last monarch to be king of Scotland only. Of these seven only one, James IV, succeeded to the throne after he had come of age (14 under Scottish law), and only two died naturally, James V and James VI. Two were murdered, one fell in battle (Flodden), one was executed and one was accidentally blown up by one of his own cannon. The part that sheer chance plays in the history of kingdoms and dynasties should not be overlooked. During the corresponding period in England only two of her ten kings succeeded as minors and only two came to violent ends.

Louis XVI's remark with which Mr Ashley begins his book has some justification: "The Stuarts? An unlucky family. I wish to hear no more of them."

But, although it is hard to like them, one is quite happy to hear more of them. To most English readers the least familiar area of the dynasty's history is their rule in Scotland, for curiously little Scottish history is taught in England. Everyone knows about Mary Queen of Scots, and everyone knows at least something about James VI and I—if only that he was the most flagrantly homosexual of all our monarchs, though Edward II was a close second. But we are familiar with these two Stuarts because they impinged so much on English history. The most interesting part of Mr Ashley's book is his account of the Scottish Stewarts who did not.

He makes a good case for the view that even if as individuals they suffered from many failings they pursued by and large a prudent policy, which was consistent with the interests of a poor, thinly populated country contiguous with a rich and over-mighty neighbour.

Their great problem was the Highlands. Up to the reign of James IV (1488-1513) the MacDonald "Lord of the Isles" was almost a monarch on his own. Edward IV contemplated a deal with him which would have given the Lowlands to England and a Scottish Highland Kingdom to the MacDonalds. The Scottish Stewarts never quite succeeded in making their writ run in the north, but they did at least bring down the MacDonalds.

Mr Ashley has written an excellent book. I wish however that he had done it at the same length but stopped in 1603.

Recent fiction

by Ian Stewart

Smiley's People

by John le Carré
Hodder & Stoughton, £5.95

In Evil Hour

by Gabriel Garcia Márquez
Cape, £5.50

Fred's First Waltz

by Venetia Murray
Collins, £4.95

A Reckoning

by May Sarton
Gollancz, £5.50

Admirers of John le Carré are strongly advised to read his latest, *Smiley's People*, before television drains the life out of it in six or more episodes of tiresomely attenuated mystification. George Smiley is back, called on by the Circus chiefs to clean up after the murder of a former agent on Hampstead Heath. The murder is an embarrassment when official policy is to cool the intelligence game, and Smiley's job is to bury the incident, not to investigate it. But the old boy is shrewd and has a long memory, and the dead Vladimir's last-ditch attempt to contact him convinces Smiley there is something to be uncovered. When his memory falters it knows where to go for a nudge, to members of Baltic *émigré* groups and retired Circus staff. The rhythm of suspicion, revelation and assassination is brilliantly and excitingly sustained. The triumph of the plotting lies not only in its complexity but also in the tension created in the reader's mind between a sense of the truth emerging from the unravelling of past events and a breathless uncertainty of what is yet to happen. This is all the more acute once it is clear that Smiley is in pursuit of Karla, his adversary in Moscow, and his discovery of Karla's vulnerability brings their duel to a thrilling climax on the Berlin border.

Le Carré's seemingly authentic picture of the "secret condition", his understanding of the spy and of the sordid nature of their business carried on across the grim cold-war landscape, all this has accustomed us to think of this author as a penetrating observer of one of the nastier aspects of the human condition in its present travail. But there are reminders here of how as a storyteller he works within the thriller tradition—the analogy between Smiley v Karla and Holmes v Moriarty, for example, is made explicit. Le Carré's world, or underworld, is a masterly creation and one accepts it on its own terms, though the suspicion that its characters have no existence beyond the confines of the plot is prompted when an attempt is made to suggest otherwise. Further reminders of his unsuccessful marriage take us no nearer the soul of the inscrutable Smiley.

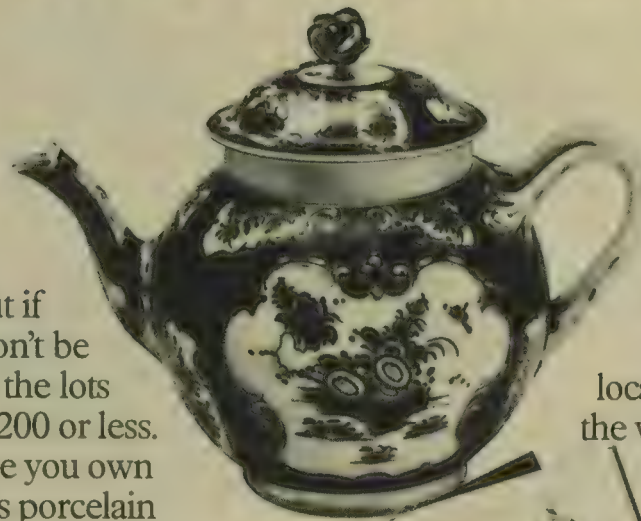
The belated appearance in this coun-

try of an early work by Gabriel Garcia Márquez may profit from the esteem in which his later books, *One Hundred Years of Solitude* and *The Autumn of the Patriarch*, are held. Although *In Evil Hour* has neither the scale nor the concentrated richness and allusiveness of the later novels, its distinctive quality is evident in spite of occasional banalities and lapses of judgment in the translation from the Spanish by Gregory Rabassa. It is a subtly accumulative study in miniature of the social, moral and political disintegration of a South American village. A popular young man is the improbable victim of a *crime passionnel*, lampoons appear overnight pinned to people's doors, floods drive the poor from their homes and the village is pervaded by the smell of a cow's rotting corpse. While the priest's concern for the villagers' spiritual and moral welfare is expressed by his prohibition of unsuitable films, the newly appointed judge hopes to keep out of trouble by doing nothing. The mayor's preoccupation with preserving authority and the social order at a time of national political turbulence becomes indistinguishable from ruthless personal aggrandisement. Impressionistically a picture takes shape of a people in the grip of a madness, a disturbing perception of chaos and corruption.

Fred, in Venetia Murray's novel *Fred's First Waltz*, is a 17-year-old Westminster schoolboy who flies to the south of France to attend to the dilapidated lighthouse his family can no longer afford to keep up. On the plane he falls in love with Alice, whose divorced parents are the wealthy Duke of Hampshire and a celebrated film star. Their idyllic relationship survives the mother's stormy intervention, the lighthouse is saved but the tranquil fishing village succumbs to her disruptive influence and the entrepreneurial skills of Fred's cousin Orlando. Upper-class, even middle-class, character conforms, paradoxically, to the stereotypes of eccentricity and waywardness, while the young are engagingly spirited, enterprising and ingenuous. Characterization through dialogue is not consistently discriminating, but this is still an attractive story.

"Dying is the most interesting thing I have ever done" may rank as the kindest quotation of the year, and I willingly concede prime responsibility for it to the *U.S. West Coast Review of Books*. While it is not typical of May Sarton's novel *A Reckoning* it does suggest the lack of subtlety in her treatment of a theme which concerns a widow of 60 dying of cancer and trying to make sense of the idea of death. Re-living her past friendships with women Laura Spelman is comforted by a vision of her sex, whose nature and potentialities are imprisoned by marriage, gradually attaining a tender and special understanding of their kinship. It is a familiar theme though there is more sympathy than profound insight in this author's handling of it.

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Out of the ordinary

In spite of the current economic gloom (or perhaps even because of it) the demand for more exotic holidays is remarkably healthy, according to the travel agents and specialist tour operators. Thanks to some ingenious "packaging" coupled with equally astute marketing, destinations which 15 to 20 years ago would have been the preserve of either the highly adventurous individualist prepared to forgo his creature comforts or those who could afford to spend large sums to satisfy their whims are now available to a wide section of the community at prices which are, in this inflationary world, very good value. From Greenland to Bali, Yucatan to the Australian outback, the choice of unorthodox destinations is wider today than it has ever been, turning holidays into exciting and rewarding experiences.

A friend who has travelled widely spent a week in Nepal last autumn and returned with tales and pictures of that mountainous land which made me long to visit it. The sheer scale of its beauty, and its cultural background, so different from our own, must appeal to the discriminating traveller. The colour slides of Nagarkot, high in the foothills of the Himalayas with Everest dominating the skyline, certainly justified the name it is given locally: the roof of the world.

A visit to this area is included in a fascinating 18-day tour to India and Nepal arranged by Fairways & Swinford who have been specializing in such holidays for years. The itinerary goes first, briefly, to Delhi and then to Agra (including a visit not only to the Taj Mahal but also the deserted city of Fatehpur Sikri) before going up to Nepal by air for four days based in Katmandu, plus three more in Pokhara, a green, fertile valley of rare beauty. The party then returns to India for four nights in Kashmir, staying on houseboats at Srinagar and spending a night in Gulmarg, over 8,000 feet high in the mountains.

The cost for this tour, including all travel by air and road from London, full board and accommodation, excursions and sightseeing, porterage, guides and entrance fees, is £874; single rooms (very limited) are an additional £76. The tour is conducted throughout by an expert in the areas visited. Departures are on April 24, May 15 and October 1, the last tour going in the opposite direction.

To call the island of Bali in Indonesia bewitching is to do it an injustice. Of the many places that I have visited over the past 20 years none has made such an immediate and favourable impression upon me as this land of exquisite physical beauty, with its jungles, volcanic mountains, dazzlingly colourful flora, intricate temples by the hundred, all inhabited by a people whose happiness and friendli-



Part of Nepal's awe-inspiring landscape where the Himalayas form a rugged barrier of perpetual snow and ice.

ness is wonderfully refreshing to cynical western minds.

A week on Bali in one of the fine modern hotels on the superb beach at Sanur on the south-east coast of the island is the highlight of a 15-day tour to south-east Asia arranged by Lunn Poly in their Wayfarers programme. Numerous excursions are available, or guests can explore on their own by taxi or local bus or go sailing in one of the native boats. Here, too, you can go swimming, snorkelling or fishing or visit the local markets; and a call at the workshop-home of Tilem, most renowned and talented of the Balinese wood-carvers, is an essential part of any stay.

This unusual holiday starts with three nights in Bangkok, the capital of Thailand, and concludes with a further three nights in Singapore, the city-state where Chinese, Malays, Indians and Europeans live in harmony and impressive prosperity. You can visit the famous Raffles Hotel or take the cable-car to Sentosa island and have a meal in one of the open-air restaurants—Chinese cuisine at its best.

The cost, including the flights from and to London by Singapore Airlines, is £882 which covers accommodation, full board in Bangkok, half board elsewhere and several excursions. Single rooms (limited in number) are around £105 extra for the two weeks. Departures are monthly.

Few contrasts could be greater than that between Bali, small and tropical, and Greenland, vast and Arctic. But this island sub-continent, only 15 per cent of which is free from permanent ice cover, has its own unique appeal which I wrote about at length a few months ago. With 1980 being the "Year of the Viking", this most northerly of the lands in which they settled will be welcoming many more visitors.

They will see a land that man has barely touched, with vast glaciers giving way to green hillsides where sheep graze, waterfalls that range from raging cascades to gentle whispers, ice floes, some as big as castles, and the remains of the earliest Norse settlements; they will also hear the extraordinary Eskimo tongue. It is scenic grandeur at its best where, in the summer, night does not exist. Perhaps most surprising of all they will live in remarkably comfortable hotels and guest-houses, flying in and out by modern jet aircraft. Twickenham Travel, one of the leading travel agents for both Greenland and Iceland in the UK, offer a variety of tours from eight to 22 days, flying from either London or Glasgow via Iceland (a night is spent there both on the way out and the way home) and costing between £477 and £580.

You do not need to go half way round the world to visit places that are full of fascination. Within two hours' flying-time of London you can start on a tour that takes you to some of Europe's finest cities, palaces, castles and treasure-houses of art. The country is Spain, not that of the plastic hotels and concrete resorts, but the Spain of Philip II and the tour recalls the splendours and the sadness of his reign. Toledo, Cordoba, Seville, Guadeloupe, Avila, Segovia and Madrid are among the many places visited in the course of the 16-day itinerary. Although the route covers considerable territory it is taken at an easy pace, giving participants ample time to absorb the artistic and historic wealth they see.

Led by Stephen Usherwood, the university lecturer and author of *The Great Enterprise*, a standard work on the Armada, the tour uses only first-class hotels, scheduled flights and private coach travel. Organized by

Serenissima Travel in conjunction with the Folio Society, it is accompanied throughout by a courier. The cost is high at £745 but covers everything from London back to London, apart from drinks and laundry. There is one departure only, on September 20, but the company has several other tours to historic Spain in the coming months.

Although Study China Travel's archaeological tour to that country, in conjunction with the ILN, is already fully booked (it leaves in October) this company can offer a number of other equally attractive visits to China. On May 28 there is a 21-day tour to Inner Mongolia and Sinkiang, spending 17 days in China and two nights in Hong Kong and including stays in Peking, Canton and Lanchow. This is one of the most unusual of the Chinese itineraries, visiting areas that have been seen by comparatively few western people. The cost is £1,475. Another tour leaves London on July 13 and visits Peking, Dairen (the seaport in north-east China in what was once Manchuria) Anshan and Shenyang. The latter was formerly Mukden, the Manchu dynasty capital from 1625; the Imperial Palace is now a museum. This tour also takes in Shanghai and Canton and includes two final nights in Hong Kong. The price from London is £1,250. And although it is a long way off reservations are being taken for the next archaeological tour in 1981.

Fairways & Swinford Ltd, 37 Abbey Road, St Johns Wood, London NW8 0BY. Lunn Poly Ltd, Clarendon Avenue, Leamington Spa, Warwickshire CV32 5BR. Twickenham Travel Ltd, 22 Church Street, Twickenham, Middx TW1 3NW. Serenissima Travel Ltd, 140 Sloane Street, London SW1X 9AY. Study China Travel Ltd, 27 Leyland Road, London SE12 8DS.



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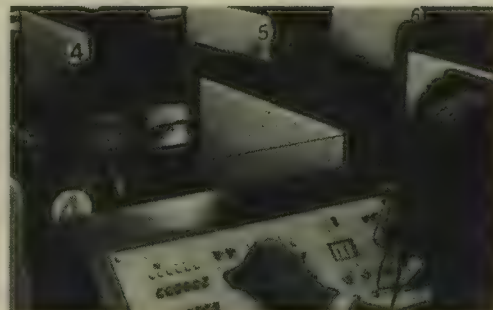
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The College is a residential school for boys between the ages of 11 and 19. Approximately one hundred students from all parts of the world are prepared for a wide range of G.C.E. 'O' and 'A' Level examinations. Well-qualified teachers give instruction in classes averaging six students, and the excellent public examination results achieved qualify a number of our boys for admission to universities in the United Kingdom and the United States of America. Boys of up to fifteen years of age are also accepted for intensive one-year courses in English before moving into the academic mainstream.

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Island-hopping in the Seychelles

You arrive at the main island of Mahé—just 20 miles long by 5 miles wide—and feel it is as far away from it all as you can get. But as you journey on to lesser and remoter islands the life-style gets more and more simple, until you find yourself dining under palm trees on a coral island at the rim of the Seychelles plateau in the Indian Ocean. At each stage you leave city traffic, business pressures and domestic worries farther and farther behind. And you come closer to peace of mind, relaxation and nature. The brochures have a word for it: paradise.

The Seychelles are not so much “unspoilt” as “spoilt” in exactly the right way. There is nothing primitive about your stay. Individual bathrooms, modern sanitation and air-conditioning are usual in most hotels, not to mention ice in your drinks. What has happened is that an extremely shrewd government, realizing that they have in abundance what the harassed and overworked peoples of the industrial west crave, made it their deliberate policy to control and regulate tourism. Instead of permitting tower-block developments they now have a ruling that no hotel can be built in sight of any other.

The result is a growth of individual, palm-roofed, chalet-style hotels, concealed among palm trees with a central main building providing the services. What is more the government has set a limit on the number of tourist beds. There are no charter flights, no camping and no regular calls by cruise liners, which means no sudden influx of holiday hordes. That is not to say the Seychelles are exclusively a millionaire destination. Packages from reputable travel companies start at around £600 for two weeks with half board. You cannot expect to have a Seychelles holiday on the cheap, but you can expect your money's worth of peace and comfort in an idyllic setting.

What exactly is that setting? There are 92 islands and islets in all, of which 37 are of craggy, black granite and rise sharply from the blue sea to jagged peaks above lushly forested slopes. The other islands are coralline—flat pancakes of dazzling white sand with palm-tree plantations spread across the interior. None is large: the Seychelles total a mere 171 square miles of islands strewn across 150,000 square miles of ocean. Tourists mostly visit five of them: Mahé, Praslin, La Digue, Bird Island and Denis Island. Each has its own character and it would be a shame to go all that way (12 hours direct flight from Heathrow) and see only one.

Mahé is the main island. It contains the capital city of Victoria which has a copy of a Victorian London clock at its principal intersection. It also has a modern statue, entitled *Liberation*, of a black figure breaking his chains, and main streets called Liberation Avenue and Independence Avenue—local poli-



Palm-roofed huts and glorious beaches contribute to the Seychelles' charm.

tics in a nutshell. The British left in 1976, having been there since 1815 when they took it from the French. Since independence there has been a political *coup* which put President Albert Rene in power; last year's election confirmed his popular support. As a tourist you will find both English and French spoken and understood; the Seychellois speak their own patois. They smile and wave as you drive by and press you to buy their coral beads and seashells. Do not, however, buy the turtle shells. They are an endangered species and HM Customs will not allow them into Britain. Incidentally, the French legacy lingers in the Creole cooking.

Most of the country's hotels as well as the majority of its best beaches are on Mahé. A road runs almost entirely round the coast and loops up over the mountain range in the centre. In order to get about, many visitors hire a “mini-moke”, a diminutive Jeep-like vehicle suited to tropical climes. You see fleets of them parked outside hotels. Some have a bumper sticker: “Moking is not a wealth hazard”. Nor is it; they

do 40 miles or more to the gallon.

The Mahé Beach Hotel is the Seychelles' one lapse—a towering, concrete landmark on a curving coast of palm trees, beach coves and granite rocks. On the other side of the island Fisherman's Cove boasts film-star luxury, privacy and immaculate service. A small bottle of champagne awaits your arrival in your room. Farther along the same curving white Beau Vallon Bay is the Northolm, visited by Noël Coward, Ian Fleming and Compton MacKenzie. The old colonial rooms they knew have no air-conditioning but lots of atmosphere. Pay more and you get posh modern.

Praslin is the next largest of the islands, and is reached by a two-hour, bumpy cruiser crossing from Victoria or by 12-seater Trislander flight in half an hour. The airport is nothing more than a series of palm leaf huts, the luggage is weighed on bathroom scales! Here, however, is one of the Seychelles' more delightful hotels, the Château de Feuilles. It is both informal and sophisticated and serves fine French food. From Praslin it is half an hour by

schooner to La Digue where the only traffic is ox-carts and bicycles. We hired old-fashioned Raleigh bikes and pedalled to remote and empty beaches.

The Seychelles are rich in unique wild life. They have 13 species of birds which are found nowhere else in the world, and some 300 varieties of fish that soon make snorkelling an addiction. Bird Island is the breeding-ground for some three million sooty terns; a day-trip from Mahé by air costs £32.

Then there is Denis Island, the most exclusive of all. A rich Frenchman developed it to indulge his love of big game fishing and he entertains paying guests who stay in luxury chalets and enjoy all the sea sports and the excellence of French cuisine and wines. No day visitors are allowed and there is a minimum stay of six days. The cost is about £60 a day per person.

A two-week holiday in the Seychelles starts at around £440 in a self-catering apartment when four share, or at £630 with half board in a first-class hotel. These prices rise to £505 in an apartment and £715 in the hotels. A two-week holiday allowing you to stay on three islands—Mahé, Praslin and Bird Island—costs between £798 and £815, with half board throughout. These are Sovereign Holidays. The Swiss-owned (but with a UK office) Kuoni Travel offer two weeks half board in a variety of hotels from £659 to £827. This company also offers a third week free (accommodation only—you pay for your meals) if you go between mid April and the end of June, or from the beginning of November to mid December. All prices quoted include the return flights from London by British Airways Boeing 747 jets, and are subject to change.

Seychelles Tourist Information Office, 2 Mill Street, London W1R 9TE.

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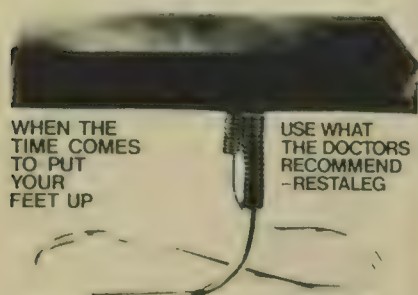
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MOTORING STUART MARSHALL

Driving on the Continent

Taking a car abroad has never been easier. Remarkably, it can even be cheaper than it was a year ago. If you want to get the best possible deal go to a travel agent or consult the AA or RAC travel service and, above all, avoid peak travel. By doing so you can save about £30 on a round trip with a medium size car and four people.

Motoring on mainland Europe is still a good way to spend a holiday even though fuel prices have shot up over the past year or so. The £1.20 per gallon that Britons tend to get hot under the collar about is fairly cheap by Continental standards. As I write, Norway can claim the doubtful honour of having Europe's dearest petrol at £1.65 a gallon, closely followed by France and Denmark at £1.58. As crude oil prices rise, and governments slap on higher taxes to curb consumption, petrol must cost even more. It would be wise, therefore, to budget on an absolute minimum of £1.50 a gallon by summertime in the less expensive countries like Germany and Switzerland (now about £1.35 a gallon) and perhaps £2 a gallon in the expensive ones. It would be wiser still to buy a diesel car if frequent long trips in Europe are contemplated as fuel for such cars is anything from a half to two-thirds the price of petrol in many European countries, and a diesel car will do at least 30 per cent more miles per gallon than a petrol-engined equivalent; so large savings are possible.

Speed limits across the Channel vary widely. The Swedes have clamped down with a 55 mph maximum on the open road, just like the USA. Italy allows cars of over 1.3 litre engine capacity to be driven at up to 87 mph on the autostrada; France has an 81 mph maximum on the autoroute; and Germany has no limit on the autobahn, except for dangerous stretches.

Exceeding the limit on European roads can be expensive. In France and Italy the toll booths on the motorways stamp the time of issue on tickets. If the attendant where you leave the motorway notices that your journey time from, say, Fontainebleau to Lyons has been uncommonly rapid, you will be invited to explain why to a policeman who happens to be standing round the corner. The result will be costly. Beware, too, of small, dark blue vans with radar, concealed under bridges just before the toll-booths.

It comes as a shock to some British motorists, used to our free motorways, to find out just how much it can cost to use the autoroutes of France, the autostradas of Italy and their equivalents in Spain and Portugal. A drive to and from the Channel to the French Riviera costs close to £40 in autoroute tolls for a car, or £60 if you tow a caravan. Map-reading your way along the old national and secondary roads (red and yellow on the excellent Michelin maps)

saves money though it does take longer.

In the old days one was warned in articles like this to have one's car thoroughly overhauled before venturing over the water. Really, there is no need for anxiety nowadays, though it is clearly sensible to make sure your car is not overdue for its next service before embarking on a 2,000 or 3,000 mile round trip. Sustained fast cruising, especially in a laden car and in hot weather, can reveal unsuspected weakness. Check your tyres carefully for sidewall splits or bruises. Replace them in Britain if you have to; they are cheaper. Make sure they are inflated to recommended pressures.

The rules of driving in Europe are very similar indeed to our own; so are the road signs. If you are unwise enough not to fasten your seat belts in Britain that is your own affair, but in every European country except Italy and Yugoslavia it is an offence not to clunk-click. Many countries also forbid children of under a certain age (usually 12 years) to travel in the front seats. One important requirement is the use of a red warning triangle if you break down: it is either legally necessary or strongly advised for a driver to set up a reflective warning triangle a short distance behind a broken-down car—and this includes those on motorway hard shoulders. Always carry one in the boot; they can be bought in accessory shops or hired through the motoring organizations in this country.

All British motor insurance policies now give cover for minimum requirements in EEC countries but this may fall far short of what you might need. Always get a green card (actually, a flimsy green leaflet) from your insurance company to extend full cover for overseas use. The cost is small but it could avoid financial disaster. Similarly, medical insurance is a sensible precaution because the National Health Service stops at Dover. Such reciprocal arrangements as exist between Britain and some other countries are not necessarily enough to protect you from heavy bills for medical—and especially hospital—treatment.

The British Insurance Association (Aldermay House, Queen Street, London, EC4) has a helpful leaflet pointing out the pitfalls and offering advice. But the best idea if you are planning a Continental motoring holiday is to take advantage of one of the schemes like the AA Five-Star Plan, the RAC's Cordon Bleu or the personal and car emergency package offered by Europ Assistance who are based in Croydon. You do not even have to be a member of the AA to take advantage of the Five-Star Plan, which protects your car and everyone in it from the financial consequences of anything from a burst appendix to writing your car off against a tree.

Something for the children

One of the easiest forms of investment for children, which provides a high return, is an investment account with the National Savings Bank. Currently the rate of return is 15 per cent per annum gross. Although the grossed-up return from building societies can look particularly attractive, anyone who is not a taxpayer cannot recover any tax in respect of the net income paid by the building society.

There are a number of advantages if a grandparent (or anyone else who is not the child's parent) covenants to a child. In this case the child can recover from the Inland Revenue the standard rate of tax which the donor has paid, thus increasing the value of the gift.

The idea of recovering tax can be taken a stage further. Julian Gibbs Associates have been recommending a "package" scheme provided by Vanbrugh Life Assurance, a subsidiary of the Prudential. Under this arrangement the gross income of a child as a result of a covenant is used to pay net premiums to a unit-linked policy, and the normal tax credit of 17½ per cent (which may be altered in the future) in connexion with the premium is allowable if the child is aged over 12 at the outset.

In this way, besides the payment towards the premium by the Inland Revenue (despite the fact that the child probably does not pay a penny in tax), professional management of investments is achieved. No investment income accrues to the child, since all interest, dividends and rental income earned by the fund to which the policy is linked are reinvested automatically by the life office, thereby increasing the value of the policy. With this scheme, provided that premiums are paid for ten years, the accumulated capital value can be either withdrawn or retained indefinitely in the investment portfolio—entirely free from personal tax.

There is nothing to prevent anyone (including a parent) arranging a policy on his own life and having it written in trust for a child. This can be a useful way of accumulating capital, quite apart from the capital transfer tax implications. The policy can be arranged for a child of any age and, since it is on the parent's life, the normal tax credit is allowed, irrespective of the age of the child.

A useful policy of this type is issued by the non-commission-paying London Life Association. Known as the child's opportunity policy, it has to be arranged for at least ten years and can mature at any time between the child's 18th and 25th birthdays. Although this policy is written on a trust basis for the benefit of a named child, whoever arranges the policy can borrow against the security of it or surrender it for the benefit of the child—either for general maintenance or for some specific pur-

pose such as education.

If, for any reason, you do not want to become involved with life assurance, investment in a unit trust could prove to be useful in the long term. If a child is too young to have units registered in his or her name they can always be registered in your own name as the parent, but in a designated account. There should, therefore, be no difficulty in proving that the units really belong to your son or daughter and not to yourself.

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Although investment with a building society may not be suitable for a child who is not yet paying tax, the position can change dramatically once he or she becomes a taxpayer. Also, at that point, the possible need for a house purchase loan in the future may be looming. One of the best ways for anyone to be fairly sure of obtaining a loan when needed is to have an investment account with a building society. Normally, societies give priority to mortgage applications from their investing members—and the more money that has been invested the more likely it is that a loan will be granted.

Building societies, trying to attract more money from young people, have been using a number of different devices. A straightforward arrangement operated by the Provincial Building Society is a "gift account". It means that an investment can be opened for someone else and later the recipient can add to it.

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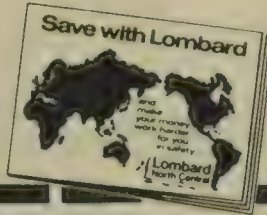
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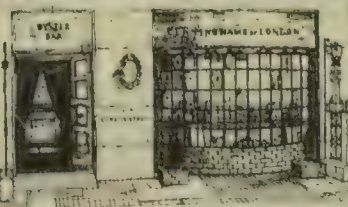
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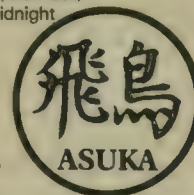
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Eating to music

"Music with dinner is an insult both to the cook and the violinist," said Chesterton. Like a great many of his remarks, this one contains an overstated truth. The relationship between music and food is the same as that between port and cigars, or wine, women and song. While it is pedantically true that each item is best savoured in isolation, the combination is more rewarding than any of the items alone.

Such is the aesthetic justification for seeking out music with meals. The financial one is almost equally compelling. Can you afford these days to dine out and go to a concert when you can combine the two? Such, I suspect, is the thinking behind the current policy at the Portman Hotel. The goodies on offer change from week to week. By the time you read this you had better ring up and check what is on, though at the time of writing they are dispensing New Orleans Sunday jazz brunches from 11.30 am to 4.00 pm, Friday evening Texas Chili suppers with live country music, and Saturday Night jazz in the Rôtisserie Normande where you can have a snack at the bar or a full meal.

What could be better? After all, it was Sydney Smith, an ordained clergyman of the Church of England, who remarked of someone, without condemnation, that his idea of Heaven was "eating *pâtés de foie gras* to the sound of trumpets", and who better to produce the trumpets than Humphrey Lyttelton, an Old Etonian playing to an Old Wykehamist across the years? It was Humph producing the music the night I was there.

The cooked food was excellent, particularly the sauces we had—a butter one with the *loup de mer* and a lovely poulette sauce with the mussels. But even where the cuisine is good not every restaurant does as well on other fronts; here the salads and the cheese-tray were of equal standard—the latter as splendid as I have seen in London.

At its best—and to produce it at its best needs only a certain amount of care—a poulette sauce can be a triumph. Here is a recipe that has been in our household for a long time now.

Scallops à la Poulette

½ cup sliced mushrooms
2lb scallops
white wine
butter
1 medium-sized onion
parsley
lemon juice
4 egg yolks
cup of cream
cayenne

Sauté the mushrooms in butter. Blanch the scallops for 3 minutes in a court bouillon of white wine and water in equal parts; reserve the court bouillon.

Melt 1½ tablespoons of butter in the top pan of a double boiler and in it sauté over a moderate flame the onion,

finely chopped, until tender but not browned. Blend well with a scant tablespoon of flour and gradually add a cup of the court bouillon, stirring constantly over a low flame until the sauce is perfectly smooth. Stir in 1 generous teaspoon of finely minced parsley, a dash of cayenne and salt and pepper to taste. Add the scallops (halved or quartered if large) and the sauté mushrooms. Beat the egg yolks with the cream and stir into the sauce at simmering point. Continue stirring in the double boiler until the sauce is thickened. Add a tablespoon of melted butter and two teaspoons of lemon juice. Serve with toast or mashed potatoes, or at any rate do not let good manners interfere with finishing every drop of the sauce.

But to return to music. The Chesterfield has one of the most relaxing hotel restaurants I have come across. Its publicity material says that it has "a warm, intimate atmosphere" and for once the publicity is right. Admirably suited is the warm, intimate tinkling of Billy Milton on the piano, the service which produces plates so hot that you had better take care not to burn yourself, perfect vegetables and my favourite savoury which it is almost impossible to find these days, *croûte baron*, marrow bones baked in the oven then emptied on to hot, buttered toast and served with bacon.

A savoury to end the meal is a good excuse for opening another bottle of wine. The Chesterfield enables you to give way to this temptation since it has an admirable wine list including some nice ones at less than £5 a bottle.

Brown's Hotel has an atmosphere all its own, as it should since it has been in business from 1837, and 30 years of ownership by Trusthouse Forte has not dimmed its individuality.

If Brown's is famous for any one meal it is of course old-fashioned English tea and sometimes in the height of the summer there is a queue for that, but it has also been experimenting with its other meals. Its chef, Martin Davies, has compiled an exotic menu. I can firmly recommend the "Frogs' legs coated in French mustard and sweet basil dusted with bread crumbs and served with a rich lobster sauce" and a very fine terrine of game.

There is a more English menu for lunch and a pre-theatre menu is served from 6pm and is very reasonably priced. Brown's, too, has succumbed to the lure of music, unheard of in the old days, but it has gone for the best. When I was last there Thelma Owen, the classical harpist, was playing beautifully throughout dinner.

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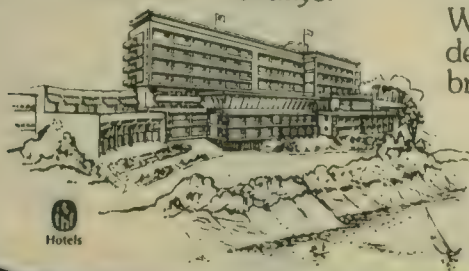
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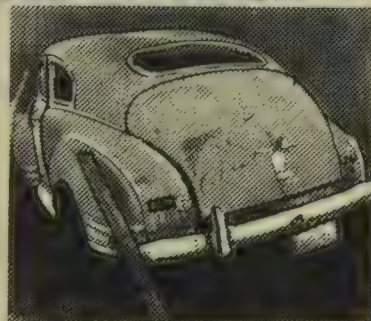
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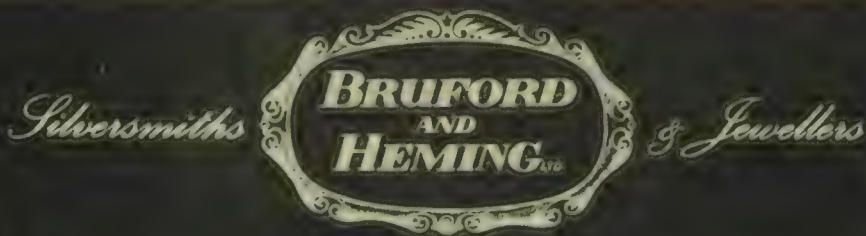


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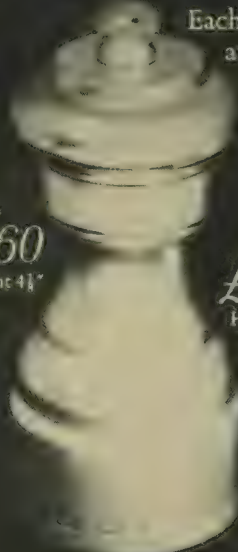
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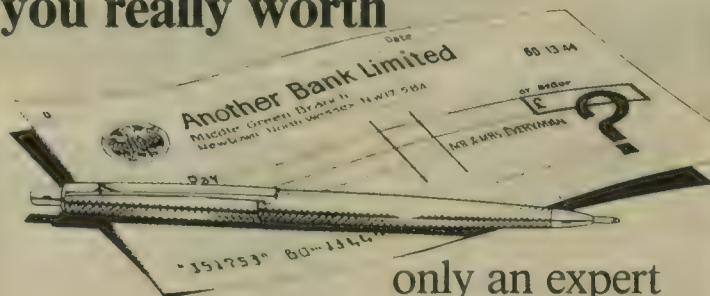
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Flickers of red fire

It seems a long time since I met a performance of *The Sorrows of Satan*, little bursts of red fire flickering about the feet of Prince Lucio Rimanez as he made his entrance. It never occurred to me to ask how it was done: more important, we knew at once that this must be the villain. There could be no argument; certainly there was none at another theatre in the town where they did plays with such titles as *Her Night of Sacrifice*, and the villain wore a scarlet-lined evening cloak—passed, I think, from shoulder to shoulder round the company.

Today I have to believe, especially during the wilder Shakespeare revivals, that red fire might be hissing and spitting round the heels of a director. I cannot imagine what Howard Davies was at when he revived *Much Ado About Nothing* for one of the RSC tours of neglected areas. His production, on a London showing at the Warehouse, startled me by reducing the patrician comedy—a sense of degree is vital—to a curious anecdote in the costume of perhaps 80 years ago. It kept reminding me, at unfortunate moments, of Mr Pooter and his *Diary of a Nobody*.

Visually, it was a glum occasion. Moreover, the speaking, with a few exceptions, was comparably grey and limp. We had no feeling that the Governor of Messina was welcoming the Prince of Arragon in the full splendour of the Renaissance: "The Prince... is royally entertain'd by Leonato." Instead, I remember Benedick on a step-ladder with a bunch of balloons, and Don John relaxing in his braces—even that old evening cloak would have been better for a not particularly alarming villain.

That said, the least successful production has often one scene to recommend it. At the Warehouse I could congratulate Kenneth Colley and Charlotte Cornwell, otherwise an unhelpful Benedick and Beatrice, for suddenly transforming the drab evening in the "Kill Claudio" scene. This had an honesty and fire that held listeners in complete silence without the kind of laughter that so often has been fatal; for that moment, at least, the Pooters of Holloway were far off.

Out at St George's, Islington, Frederick Lonsdale surprisingly, if transiently, took over from Shakespeare. The choice was the quartet-comedy, *On Approval*, still a useful piece of mid 1920s playmaking, though it had to appear self-conscious on the not fully disguised Elizabethan stage. Its acting, like practically all of that in *Much Ado*, had no particular period quality, but at least I was content to observe again how Lonsdale lets the comedy develop, in steady and often witty invective, through the second and third acts. At the end two of the most selfish characters of the century's stage are left together for what the dramatist

suggests will be a month in an inaccessible, snowbound Highland house: Lonsdale thinks, but I can hardly credit it, that Maria and the Duke will emerge in new sweetness and light. That is simply speculative. Anyway, at their appalling worst they are good company, and the 12th Duke of Bristol has all the latent gifts of a smiling, damned villain from quite another sort of piece. I have never forgotten Ronald Squire's suavely autocratic insolence: memories of it kept coming between me and the actor at St George's.

Half a century separates *On Approval* and an Australian comedy, *The Club*, at Hampstead. English Football League managers, who have suffered in one of the most hazardous of all jobs, may recognize the truth in David Williamson's play, even though the game here is Australian rugby. If this were written in Jacobean blank verse it might be a reasonable tragedy, with its people named Teddeo, Geramineo and Laurisola. As it is, the boardroom machinations and battling for power make a robust and sustained comedy: it has, too, a satisfactory villain who glides through the night like a small puff-adder impersonating Uriah Heep. He is greased along with relish by Jeff Ashby, one of an Australian cast that has players of such merit as Ron Haddrick and Barry Lovett. The first is a peculiarly horrible veteran; the second an arrogant dogmatist who snatches our sympathy when he falls, like Lucifer, never to rise again. He would protest vigorously at the phrase.

I suppose that in Eugene O'Neill's *Hughie* (Cottesloe), which might be a footnote to *The Iceman Cometh*, the only real villain is life. It has done its worst for the small-time gambler who, during 50 minutes or so, talks his way obsessively through the piece; his usually silent listener is the night-clerk of a seedy New York hotel. Stacy Keach gives an assured and detailed performance of the lonely professional, and for his sake the play, even if short measure for an evening—is worthwhile.

I ran out of patience with Howard Barker's *The Love of a Good Man* (Royal Court) after the opening few minutes. This was the kind of nonsense to make one despair of the minor fringe drama, wrong though it would be to lump everything in the same class. Set upon the fields of Passchendaele in 1920, its principal figure, an especially loathsome personage—undertakers have every cause to complain—was engaged on a scheme for reburial of the war dead. The incidents seemed to me to be as tasteless as much of the dialogue. The dramatist should have taken to heart those lines of Kipling that begin: "All that they had they gave --they gave --in sure and simple faith." The Court production tempted me to wish that red fire had blotted out the entire scene.

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Welsh festival in London

Welsh National Opera, not heard in London for 14 years, made a welcome return with five operas from their current repertoire which illustrated the adventurous policy being pursued by the company and the high standards being attained. The occasion was the first of five annual festivals resulting from Amoco UK's recently undertaken sponsorship of WNO. The performances were given in the Dominion Theatre which, though it has a spacious stage and large auditorium, has no sunken pit. The front rows of seats were removed to accommodate the orchestra which gave a less than ideal balance of sound, more apparent in the stalls than the upper levels.

The festival opened with *The Makropoulos Case*, second in the Janacek cycle being jointly staged over several years by the Welsh and Scottish companies. In adapting his compact production for the transfer from the narrower confines of the Cardiff New Theatre to the Dominion, David Pountney increased the emphasis on the bitterness and disillusion of the 339-year-old heroine—forced as a girl to drink an elixir, she has lived through a series of adventures and personalities until her will to survive is exhausted. The harsh music which echoes the cruel reality of her meaningless existence was powerfully executed by the WNO orchestra under their musical director, Richard Armstrong, but the sheer intensity of the sound was a barrier to the voices and by the third act the sustained effort of projection began to tell on Elisabeth Söderström, though her portrayal of the heroine was a brilliant piece of character acting. There were sharp sketches of Prus and Kolenaty from Julian Moyle and Thomas Hensley and a brilliant cameo of Hauk Sendorf from Nigel Douglas.

Problems of balance were not apparent in *The Magic Flute*. The conductor, Wyn Davies, ensured that the words got through and adopted a measured pace for a production by Göran Järvefelt which traced a middle course, avoiding both pantomime and ponderous ritual, to show the work's relevance for contemporary man. It was set within a working community ruled over by the Queen of the Night, whose oppression can only be vanquished by the wisdom of Sarastro's teachings. But the people await a new leader and they follow Tamino's steps along the testing path to enlightenment with concern. The progress from darkness to light was depicted by the reawakening of a barren landscape in a permanent set, designed by Carl Friedrich Oberle, which allowed the action to flow without pause. John Treleaven was a purposeful, firm-voiced Tamino and Felicity Lott a timorous but vocally secure Pamina. Russell Smythe's lovable but faint-hearted Papageno was matched by a person-

able Papageno in Mary Davies. David Gwynne conveyed Sarastro's warmth and humanity, Monica Pick-Hieronimi was a dramatic Queen, and Henry Newman an authoritative Speaker.

The company's reputation was founded on early Verdi, and a stylish production of *Ernani* displayed its continuing strength in this area. The vigorous score, woven round a swift-moving, incident-packed story by Victor Hugo, was brought to ebullient life by Richard Armstrong. Ernani's demanding solos presented no problems for Kenneth Collins who used his flexible, vibrant tenor to well-judged effect; Suzanne Murphy's Elvira was lightweight, but agile in fast passages and appealing in sorrow. The role of Carlo revealed a splendid Verdi baritone in Cornelis Ophthof and Silva was sung and portrayed with distinction by Richard Van Allan. Elijah Moshinsky's production captured the work's tragic intensity and Maria Bjornson's black box set provided handsome back-grounds but did not fill the stage.

WNO's *Madam Butterfly* revived a version of the opera much closer to the one which flopped at La Scala in 1904, and which the composer subsequently revised, than we are used to hearing today. Pinkerton was a less romantic figure and the gulf between East and West was underlined by his insensitive remarks to Butterfly and to her relations. It may not have been acceptable to Puccini's contemporaries but it makes infinitely greater dramatic sense and was immeasurably more tragic in performance in Joachim Herz's superlatively judged production. The Polish soprano, Magdalena Falewicz, eschewed fluttery pseudo-Oriental mannerisms to portray the fragile, vulnerable heroine and sang with moving intensity. John Treleaven was the brash, oafish Pinkerton and Phyllis Cannan a young, fiercely devoted Suzuki. Julian Smith edited the restored passages in the score and conducted a polished performance. The attractive set was by Reinhart Zimmermann.

The climax to a stimulating week was *Tristan und Isolde*, which brought Reginald Goodall back to the opera house and revealed two new Wagnerian singers nurtured by him, in a performance profoundly executed and imaginatively yet simply conceived by producer Peter Brenner and designer Klaus Teepe. The measured tempi which mark all of Goodall's Wagner were never more potent than in the second-act love duet, yet the music had a warmth and spontaneity that even the problems arising from the lack of a pit could not dim. Linda Esther Gray's radiant, confident, unforced Isolde and John Mitchinson's deeply-felt, authoritatively-sung Tristan had matured since the Cardiff premiere. Both sang with tireless commitment. This *Tristan* must rank as WNO's finest achievement.

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No Southern comfort

There were long queues around the block when I went to see John Huston's *Wise Blood* at a Sunday matinée at the Camden Plaza. Surprising when you consider it is a bleak, bony, uncompromising portrait of religious fanaticism in the American South and is based on a novel by Flannery O'Connor that is relatively little-known. Clearly the name of Huston still carries its own magic.

Huston's technique, refreshingly, is to look at his people with a clear, direct, uncynical eye. The film's hero, Hazel Motes, returns from army service to his family's abandoned home in Tennessee. Wearing a dark suit, a stovepipe hat and a manic gleam in his eye, he sets out for the city of Taulkinham repeating like an incantation, "I'm going to do some things I ain't never done before." Haunted by memories of his grandfather, a hellfire, revivalist preacher, he becomes an atheist apostle who sets up his stall in the market-place to preach the virtues of the Church Without Christ. He argues that there was no Fall, no Redemption and no Judgment, and that "Jesus is a trick played on niggers." But ironically, in denouncing religion he becomes ever more enmeshed by it. He is fascinated by a fake preacher, seduced by his daughter, attracts his own followers and ends up

cleansing himself by inflicting stigmata on his own body and indulging in an act of self-blinding. God is not mocked: he cannot even be escaped.

Huston is clearly attracted by weird tales from Georgian women writers (remember his film of Carson McCullers's *Reflections in a Golden Eye*). But what is impressive here is his totally straightforward handling of the material: a baroque tale, he realizes, needs no ornamentation. He simply puts obsessed individuals before us without derision or sympathy; but on the way he collects fine performances from Brad Dourif as the hatchet-jawed Hazel, from Harry Dean Stanton as a fake preacher hiding behind dark glasses like a Beckett hero and from Amy Wright as the preacher's devouring daughter. It is a totally unsparing film, without glamour, chic or souped-up effects. But I guarantee that if you see it it will linger long in your mind for its stark portrait of a world in which religion eats into the soul like acid into metal. No Southern comfort here.

If *Wise Blood* is a surprise success, so, too, is Rolf Lyssy's *The Swiss-makers*, allegedly the most popular Swiss film ever made. It is an entertaining, ironic but never strident or dogmatic account of the demeaning naturalization process in modern

Switzerland. Set in Zurich, it shows a rigid member of the Cantonal Police and his humane apprentice vetting candidates for Swiss citizenship. There is a German doctor who studiously runs up the Swiss flag outside his home every morning and whose claims are bedevilled only by a hapless wife who makes a streaky *fondue*. There is an Italian pastry-cook who idolizes William Tell but who has unfortunate left-wing sympathies. And there is a beautiful Yugoslavian ballet-dancer who commits cardinal sins like putting her rubbish in a brown bag when everyone else uses a black one.

The point of Lyssy's sharp little satire is that the naturalization process degrades the inspectors as much as the applicants: the former become supersnoopers dropping in on people at unwanted hours while the latter may have to fake a bourgeois life-style to which they are totally alien. Michael Hastings's play, *Gloo Joo*, reminded us that we are not much better when it comes to vetting Commonwealth immigrants. But what I like about Lyssy's film is that he makes his political points with an unforced humour. Thus the pastry-cook's colleagues emphasize to the Cantonal cop his "unfailing cheerfulness". "Cheerfulness cuts no ice," comes the reply. "He's got to adapt." One hopes

the film's popularity in its native land is a sign it may do something to humanize Swiss naturalization processes. Be that as it may, it is an enjoyably astringent movie superbly acted by Walo Luond as the inflexible cop and by Beatrice Kessler as the ballerina.

Meanwhile let us all join hands and pray that Ronald Neame's *Meteor* turns out to be not only the latest but also the last in the long line of modern disaster movies. Somewhat ironically, in view of recent events, the film shows the Americans and the Russians joining forces to use their nuclear-missile satellites to eliminate a meteor heading destructively towards earth. But even given the shakiness of the premise, it is a ridiculously inept film. A vast chunk of Manhattan is wiped out but no one comments on the panic that would surely ensue. Sean Connery as an American scientist and Natalie Wood as a Soviet translator conduct a stiff and formal courtship which ends with a hint that Miss Wood may one day return to America (no problems with the visa authorities?). And the meteor and satellite effects are neither very special nor very spectacular. Somehow it seems entirely fitting that this awful movie should show, as a climax, the characters being swamped by the contents of the New York sewers ●

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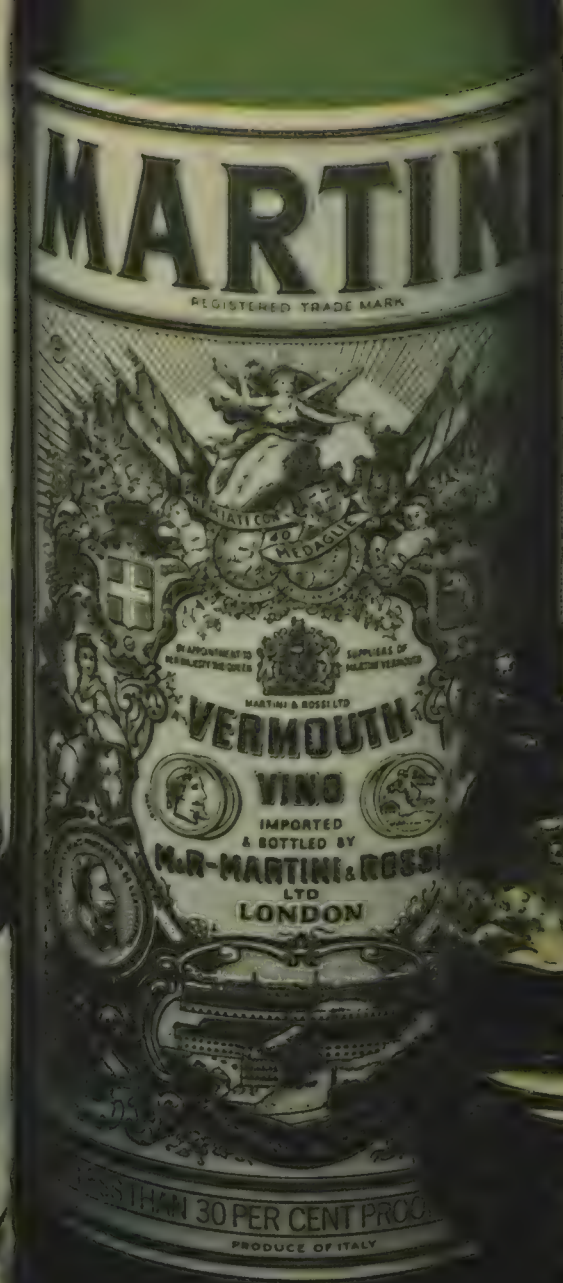
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Not only Chianti

Trade, they say, follows the flag. An influx of Italian wines followed the ubiquitous *trattorie* which burgeoned rapidly on the English scene over the last 15 years. I, for one, am grateful to them. They brought to our knowledge, often through their carafes, a number of Italian wines hitherto unknown to those who had not met them in Italy. This certainly helped to speed up the much needed control and improvement of Italian wine in general and exported wine in particular.

The process was under way in any case, a number of scandals having provoked official action rather more quickly than had been expected. There had been temptations. In a land where, in many places, one has merely to stick a shoot into the ground to produce a vine, everyone makes his own wine; indeed, some of the most enjoyable wine is to be found in that "best bottle" produced for a favoured guest from the host's own store—and this often in very humble surroundings. Wine is abundant at all levels of society. It is a way of life to the Italians, and if quantity is a bit short one year there are plenty of time-honoured (if dubious) ways of stretching it. No wonder "vino" acquired a bad name!

However, this is not the case today. The good, sound *ordinaires* of Italy are

beginning to be appreciated for their real value, while the noble wines (together with some from Spain, which suffered a similar decline after the war) are taking their place alongside the other great wines of the world. As an Italian restaurateur said to me recently, "Not only Chianti any more, and not only pasta". He was right.

The most endearing feature of Italian wine seems to me to be its total drinkability. One does not need the hot sun of Italy's summer or its warm moonlight (though both undoubtedly add to the charm) to enjoy the sheer quaffability of the simpler regional wines. A good Tuscan, the local Nebbiolo or a Merlot, with the pleasant, frothy Lambrusco are all extremely enjoyable in the King's Road on a hot day. The better-known Soave, Frascati, Verdicchio and the often maligned Asti Spumante are easy to drink and some turn up in carafe form. But the consumer in search of quality should realize how worthwhile it is to experiment with the more expensive wines; and recent legislation, in particular the DOC regulations, now ensure quite exceptionally good value.

If you are not already a lover of Barolo, you should try it now. It is probably Italy's finest wine, with a strong resemblance to good Burgundy;

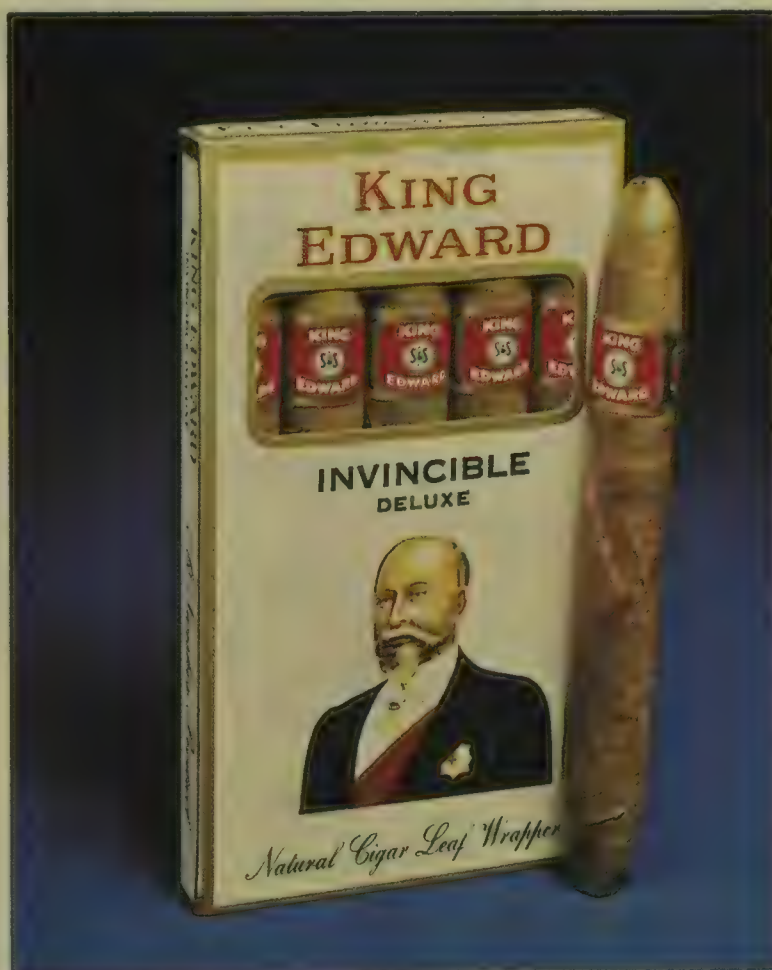
it is more woody, but that is something that can be corrected by opening it rather longer beforehand, and it needs air in any case. Barolo is not cheap but can still save you a great deal of money considering today's Burgundy prices. Peter Dominic, Hunt & Braithwaite, Hatch, Mansfield and that maestro of Italian lists, Freddie Whitting of Stonehaven Wines, all have sound examples and I recently tasted a good Riserva from Findlater.

Barbaresco, a "little brother" of the heavier, long-maturing Barolo, is another delightful red wine, also from Piedmont. Chianti, the real Classico, is now much easier to find. Antinori and Brolio are considered by many including myself to be the finest houses, but in this world of subjective taste safe experimentation among the Classicos can find many a bargain to suit your palate. The chain stores tend to buy from good houses but may sell under their own name; Marks & Spencer, British Home Stores and Sainsbury in particular should be watched, as well as the private specialists. You are unlikely to be disappointed.

The white wines are much more difficult as a rule, since the vinification of whites is considerably more tricky in warm climates. One Sicilian white wine (always reliable in the reds) is Corvo

Salaparuta. This is now remarkable for its excellence, clever vinification having defeated the heat of Sicily, and in the last few years it has become a thoroughly reliable, dry-ish wine for most purposes. But, especially when searching for Italian whites, one-bottle buys are a good idea, and "tastes" are even better. London readers can visit The Noble Grape at 26 The Highway, Wapping, where an almost constantly open door, even on Sunday mornings, provides generous samples of everything except the most expensive French châteaux. A good number of Italian wines are always available.

As is well-known, the names of Italian wines are legion—I forget just how many thousands there are alleged to be—but, with some knowledge of what wines are attractive to you, the names of good importers can be useful. Belloni, Hedges & Butler, Alivini, Trestini, Enotria, Findlater and Lega (at Fortis Green, London N2) are among these; some sell only by the case but are able to give the names of retailers, and all import quality wines. And it is not a bad idea to twist the arm of your favourite *trattoria* owner for his source of wine, if you like it. It may be that an uncle in Italy sends it, which makes things difficult; but what a bond is forged! ●



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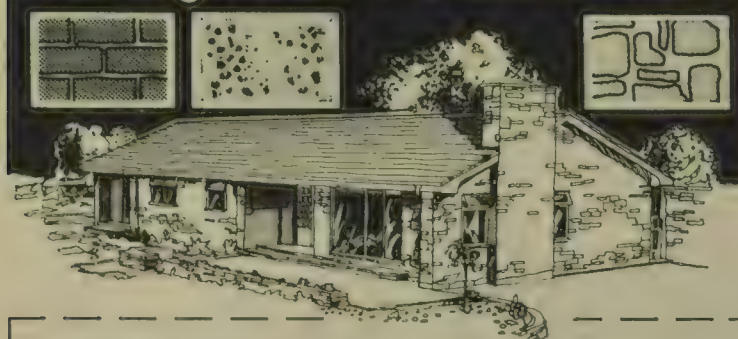
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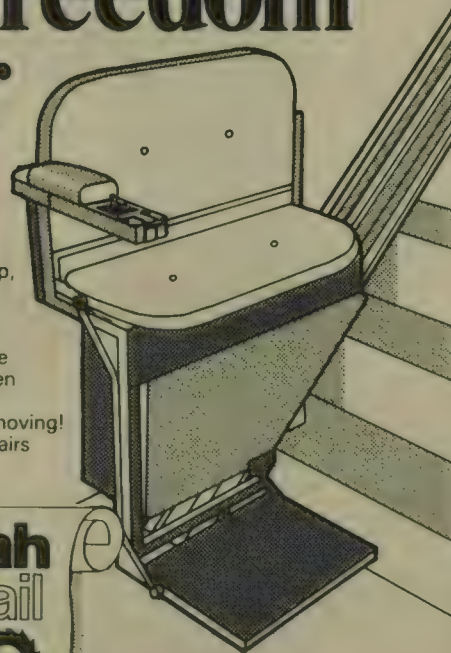
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The facts about flying saucers

Who has not heard of flying saucers? In recent years they have been given the more dignified name of UFOs, or Unidentified Flying Objects, but the principles involved remain the same. And few subjects have aroused more controversy—some of it very heated!

The modern phase of what I irreverently term flying saucery began on June 24, 1947, when an American pilot, Kenneth Arnold, reported nine round objects "flat, like pie-pans", moving at high speed within a few miles of his aircraft. However, the man who really hit the headlines was George Adamski, who owned a café in California and who was co-author of a book in which he claimed that on November 20, 1952, he had an encounter with visitors from Venus who landed in the desert. In 1954 Cedric Allingham, an English bird-watcher, almost outshone Adamski with his vivid description of a Martian saucer which landed on the coast of Scotland.

To list all the reported "alien contacts" would by now mean writing a book the size of an encyclopaedia. Some of the theories put forward have been startling. Lord Clancarty, formerly the Honourable Brinsley Le Poer Trench, tends to the view that the saucers come from inside the Earth, emerging through a hole at the North

Pole; he even initiated a debate on UFOs in the House of Lords.

I do not for one moment question the absolute sincerity of those who are responsible for these reports. I believe them to be mistaken in their views, but that is a matter of personal opinion.

However, it must be admitted, without reservation, that there are some sightings which have yet to be explained. So what is the answer?

First, there are familiar celestial objects, that is to say stars and, more frequently, planets. Venus can sometimes be seen with the naked eye in broad daylight and has been the cause of countless UFO reports. Jupiter, Mars and Sirius have also been culprits on many occasions.

Next there are aircraft of different kinds. We have to assume that some of these, built by various nations, are on the secret list, and no doubt have been taken for UFOs. Sightings from aircraft have also been made often enough. There was also the UFO report by an airline passenger who actually produced a confirmatory photograph. Subsequent inquiries showed that the object was due to a window reflection, but the report was completely honest and took a good deal of clearing up.

Weather balloons are also occasionally taken for UFOs. I remember

making one such observation myself. It must have been about 1955—at any rate, before the start of the Space Age in 1957. I was studying the Moon with the 12½-inch reflector in my observatory when I saw a strange object silhouetted against the grey plain known to astronomers as the Mare Crisium. I was nonplussed—until it moved slowly clear of the Moon's disc and revealed itself in its true guise.

Then there are atmospheric phenomena, notably ball lightning, about which very little is known even today and which was regarded as mythical not so long ago. We must also include meteors, unusual clouds, aircraft condensation trails, aurorae and so on. But—and this is the vital point—when all these things are taken into account there remains a definite percentage of UFO reports that cannot be explained. So in this sense, Unidentified Flying Objects certainly exist.

When we are faced with a set of facts which is admittedly incomplete, it is only sensible to interpret them in the most rational possible way. It is in this context that the space-ship theory falls down so badly. During the past few decades we have learnt more about the Solar System than we had been able to do throughout history. The Moon has been shown to be sterile. Venus has a

peculiarly hostile environment with an intolerable surface temperature, a dense, carbon-dioxide atmosphere and clouds containing sulphuric acid. The canals of Mars do not exist, and there can be no life there except possibly some very lowly organic material—and even this now seems improbable. The giant planets are equally unpromising, and we may be sure that in the Sun's family there is no advanced life except on Earth. Therefore, if UFOs are alien craft they come from other planetary systems many light-years away; and it does not seem plausible to suggest that the astronauts would come so far merely to fly aimlessly around. It is more reasonable to attribute UFOs to natural phenomena in our atmosphere, or to objects of our making.

It would be quite wrong to suggest that a visit from an interstellar spacecraft is impossible. We cannot yet master the secrets of flight to the stars, but if our civilization persists we may do so one day, and it is logical to believe that there are many civilizations in the Galaxy far more advanced than ours, though proof is lacking. But at the moment we have no concrete evidence that such a visit has ever taken place and we must, I fear, resign ourselves to the fact that present-day UFOs are of strictly terrestrial origin.

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The easiest to start with are the annuals: those plants that germinate, flower and die in the same year. Hardy annuals from temperate climates may be sown outdoors in spring and September for early flowering; they include nigella, poppies, candytuft, calendulas and sweet peas. Always read the instructions on the packet. There is magic in a packet of seeds but you must still follow a few simple rules.

First rake the soil to a fine tilth—a lovely word—sprinkle tiny seeds on the surface, cover larger ones lightly and water them in with a fine rose nozzle on the watering-can. Sow sparsely or the seedlings will come up in mustard-and-cress-like congestion; then thin them to give each one space to develop, usually 6-12 inches according to variety. You must sacrifice many small plants. Tiny seedlings may need protection from the sun.

Half-hardy annuals originate in warm, even tropical, countries where they may be perennials. They are raised early from seed sown under glass in pans or boxes, ideally in a propagator with bottom heat. The seedlings are pricked out into trays or pots when large enough to handle, are hardened off or acclimatized to outdoor temperatures, and are planted out when there is no danger of frost; or they may be sown out of doors from May onwards for late flowering.

Some people dismiss half-hardy annuals as crude and brash, associating them with bedding in public parks in its unhappier colour schemes: blue lobelias, scarlet salvias, yellow calceolarias, shocking pink petunias and so on, a far cry from the fashionable subtleties of shrub and perennial planting with its emphasis on foliage and form. But half-hardy annuals can often be combined with permanent plants as gap fillers, ringing the colour changes from year to year. Many are white or soft coloured, such as the fluffy, mauve ageratums, and some that look garish in bedding schemes blend well with toning perennials. For instance I have seldom seen a more revolting colour combination than one where pink and mauve china asters compete with egg-yolk and orange French marigolds; yet I have tucked copper-brown marigolds at random along the front of a tawny coloured border to give a rich velvety effect, and trailing blue lobelias, as used in hanging baskets, drift prettily among silver foliage and lavender blue violas under a pink rose.

We tend to forget that these plants did not begin in packets. Many hardy and half-hardy annuals were introduced from distant lands by explorer botanists at the risk and sometimes at the cost of their lives. We should lack gratitude to these heroes if we rejected the treasures they brought us, and we may feel more inclined to grow, say, Californian hardy annuals, if we imagine the hardships endured in the 1820s by David Douglas, who was later killed in a bizarre accident while plant-hunting. Californian annuals include such well-known flowers as clarkias, godetias, eschscholzas, little yellow *Limnanthes douglasii*, dark-blue phacelia and the celestial, pale-blue woodlander, *Nemophila insignis*.

Let us also remember the skill and devotion of the plant breeders, the generations of patient hybridizing and selection that have produced from wild plants what amount to new races of great vigour and garden value. A packet of seeds is still cheap considering what has gone into it. Sometimes the hybridists may have gone too far, losing the original grace of a species in search of novelty. I personally do not want knee-high hollyhocks and delphiniums or other dumpy "compact" plants with overlarge, overbright blooms such as the new, squat family of scentless tobacco flowers. Surely the whole character of *Nicotiana affinis* lies in the tall stems of fragrant white stars that glimmer in shadowy corners on late summer evenings. However, garish hybrids and horrid dwarfs sell well and seedsmen must live. It remains for the discriminating to demand more beautiful plants, closer to the species.

Last year I grew more annuals than ever before as they are invaluable while testing the mettle of a new garden and making up one's mind about the final layout and planting. The most showy successes were *Lavatera* "Silver Cup", a bright pink mallow, 2 feet high, and *Godetia* "Azalea Flowered", 18 inch, both the equal of any perennial border plant. These, with Shirley and opium poppies, tiny, bright toadflax *Linaria maroccana*, and one of the South African daisies, *Dimorphotheca* "Glistening White", were sown *in situ* as was *Salpiglossis* "Bolero", a Chilean plant with ravishing, sophisticated flowers, rainbow-coloured open bells, beautifully veined. *Convolvulus* "Blue Flash", 6 inches high with target-like yellow centres, white throats and a wide blue edge, was another marked success. I was proud of having pelargoniums in flower by August from seed sown early in a propagator, a new fast-growing F2 hybrid strain called "Mini Skirt". All the flowers mentioned, except the last, came from Samuel Dobies, of Llangollen, Clwyd, as did the propagator that enabled me to start gardening in January ●

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Over-cautious bidding

In straight matches between teams of four the side content to aim cautiously at "par" results, unless distinctly out-classed as card players, will win far more often than not. They may not be able to boast of any spectacular *coups* but they will not have to explain away the more expensive and sillier types of blunder. Yet on occasion, when the tide of luck is running steadily against them, their very complacency often seems to make them look rather silly.

♠ 8 5	Dealer North
♥ A K 6 4 3	East-West
♦ K 9 8 5	Game
♣ Q 7	
♠ K 7 2	♠ Q 10 9 6
♥ J 9 7	♥ Q 10 8 5
♦ J 4	♦ 6 2
♣ J 10 9 8 2	♣ K 6 3
♠ A J 4 3	
♥ 2	
♦ A Q 10 7 3	
♣ A 5 4	

The cautious types as North-South bid unopposed as under:

North	1♥	2♥	3♦
South	2♦	2♣	3NT

The lead of Club Jack ruled out overtricks and South purred happily at having avoided the "impossible" Six Diamonds. But the other South had not found it so.

North	1♥	3♦
South	2♦	6♦

The same lead of Club Jack was covered by Queen, King and Ace. South's chances were slim but he went straight for them. Heart Ace and a small heart ruffed with Ten was followed by a finesse of dummy's Diamond Nine. A second small heart was ruffed and the last enemy trumps were drawn with dummy's King. South's two losing clubs now went on dummy's two good hearts and only a spade had to be lost. This is scarcely a laudable contract; the trumps have to break even with the finesse right.

♠ J 8 7 6 2	Dealer South
♥ 8 4 2	Game All
♦ K 7	
♣ K Q J	
♠ K Q 5	♠ 10 9 4 3
♥ K 7 6	♥ Q 10 9 5 3
♦ Q 9 5	♦ J 8
♣ 9 8 4 2	♣ 7 6
♠ A	
♥ A J	
♦ A 10 6 4 3 2	
♣ A 10 5 3	

North	1♠	2♥
South	1♦	2♣ 3NT

North's Two Hearts was a "forcing fourth-suit" bid; it did not promise a heart guard but South's Three No-trumps did. West led a small heart to Queen and Ace, and South regretted not having landed in the "par" Five Diamonds. However, he did his best by ducking a first round of diamonds to West, who switched to Spade King. The score of 660 seemed unlikely to lose, but this was the bidding at the

other table:
North 1♠ 5♣
South 1♦ 3♣ 6♣
With diamonds establishable by ruffing and trumps quite manageable, this contract proved to be unshakable on any lead.

On this third hand a dispassionate survey would suggest that the par contract for East-West is Four Hearts, which as the cards lie should be made without undue difficulty. However, one East-West pair succeeded in avoiding it and the other reached it only by being extricated from a ridiculous and utterly disastrous contract by the generous and timely intervention of their opponents. From the bidding performances at the tables it might well be deduced that the scene was drawn from a Mad Hatter's Bridge Party rather than a match between teams where six out of eight players were internationals. However, this might be explained by the occasion being a social as much as a competitive event between mixed teams with alternating partnerships.

♠ A 7 5 4	Dealer West
♥ K	Game All
♦ J 9	
♣ A Q J 10 9 8	
♠ Q 9 6	♠ J
♥ J 9	♥ A Q 7 6 3 2
♦ A	♦ K Q 7 6 5 3
♣ K 7 6 5 4 3 2	♣ void
♠ K 10 8 3 2	
♥ 10 8 5 4	
♦ 10 8 4 2	
♣ void	

West	North	East	South
3♣	DBL	3♥	DBL
No	No	4♦	DBL

West's hand is far from ideal for pre-emption. The risk taken is not justified by the poor suit texture, since there are at least vestiges of defensive value on the side. Rescue bids from pre-empt are unusual, but East had good reason to regard this case as exceptional. It was not clear even to himself how South expected to beat Three Hearts, but his double caused East to transfer from a contract good for ten tricks to one good for only nine. West seems to have been too stunned by the events she had set in train to steer her partner back to safety.

West	North	East	South
1♣	2♣	DBL	2♠
3♣	DBL	3♠	No
No!	DBL	4♥	DBL

With the prevalence of artificial and prepared opening One Clubs, a number of partnerships have ceased to treat overcalls like North's Two Clubs as forcing cue-bids but regard them as indicative of a club suit that they would have bid over any other opening. However, the other players seemed to have been quite unaware of North's intentions and their incomprehension apparently was total. So also was North's when he doubled East's Three Spade bid ●



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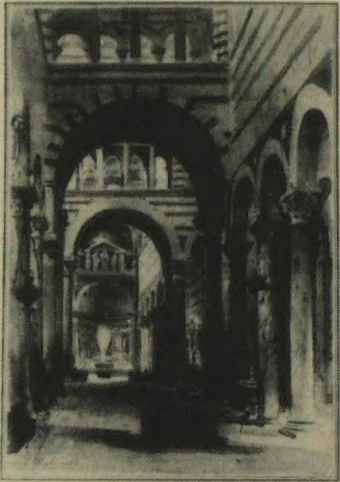
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